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In the inset, Ludwig Henn records on the spot, after an eighteen-hour vigil, the typical squeaks of an actual weathercock.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

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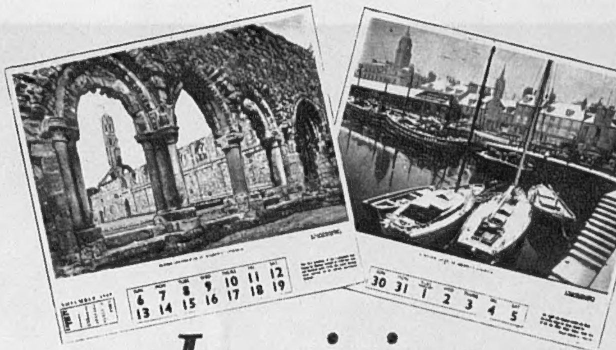

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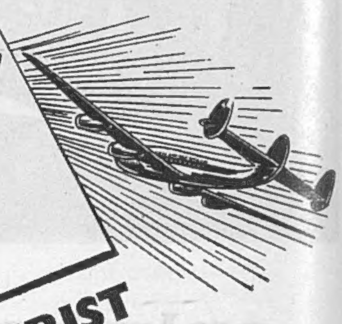

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1954.
Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

Photographed by Houston Rogers

NEW RÔLE FOR FONTEYN

This week, the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company are presenting at the Edinburgh Festival a programme entitled *Homage to Diaghilev*, which includes the new *L'Oiseau de Feu*, danced for the first time by Margot Fonteyn at Edinburgh's Empire Theatre on August 23rd. Miss Fonteyn, who will be seen in the new ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, next Tuesday (August 31st), was coached for the rôle by Mme. Tamara Karsavina, who created it for the Diaghilev Company in Paris in 1910. Fokine's choreography has been reproduced by Serge Grigoriev and Lubov Tchernicheva, and the scenery and costumes are copies of the original Gontcharova designs.

MUSLIM FESTIVAL IN WOKING : Two little people with a strong sense of tradition are six-years-old Zamzam Khan and her three-years-old brother, Shahrukh, children of the Commercial Secretary of the Pakistan Embassy. The youngsters are seen removing their shoes before going in to prayers at the Shah Jehan Mosque at Woking, Surrey, on August 10th, when the Muslim Festival Id-al-Adha was celebrated by more than a thousand people.

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

I HAVE on a previous occasion in these notes put forward my theory that I must be one of the children of Israel in that wherever I go the weather is appalling, and that I have my own personal cloud " which stands over me by day." I feel sure that by the time you read these notes the weather in London will be gloriously fine, and the murk and rain which have graced our summer will have accompanied me to southern climes. I am almost confirmed in this view by the fact that that admirable and super-efficient organisation the Automobile Association have just sent me the carnet for my car and the other documents addressed to " T. Abraham, Esq."

AFTER playing tennis at Hurlingham the other day (incidentally how admirably drained both the hard and the grass courts are : even in this summer's weather it has been possible to play tennis there within an hour or two of some of the heaviest showers) I was talking to the *genius loci*—if I may call him that—Captain Taprell Dorling, known to two generations of admirers of his books on the Navy as " Taffrail." Somebody in our cheerful party whispered to me, *blotto voce* (as George Belcher's immortal charwoman said) : "Ask him about the time he was shot by the mounted archer."

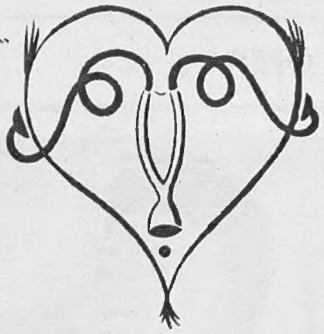
In actual fact, as so often happens with these stories, the incident turned out to be less personal, but no less interesting. " Taffrail " in the Boxer Rising was in command of a small Naval detachment in Manchuria, which was attacked by Tartar mounted bowmen, the direct descendants of the mobile mounted infantry whose startling new tactics conquered Europe for the Asiatic races up to the line of Vienna and the Vistula. A leading stoker just beside him received an arrow through the upper arm—an event which can hardly be described as being part of the normal hazards to be expected in a leading stoker's Service life. The surgeon was at a loss how to cope with this wound—his first attempts to withdraw the arrow against the barb being greeted with a distinguished display of linguistic fireworks on the part of the stoker. Finally, a member of the Naval party with a knowledge of history hit on the solution, obvious to our mediæval ancestors, which was to break off the shaft of the arrow and extract it forwards, as it were. Within a week the wound had healed.

Another ex-Naval officer in the same party told a pleasant story of the young Sub-Lieutenant who was suddenly detailed for duty on the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* on the occasion of a visit by King George V. to the Kaiser at Kiel. King George V. liked to see the officers under his command in white trousers in summer. The young officer's steward, who had had just as little warning, came to him and announced with a

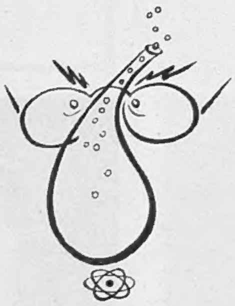
SOME PROFESSIONAL PORTRAITS

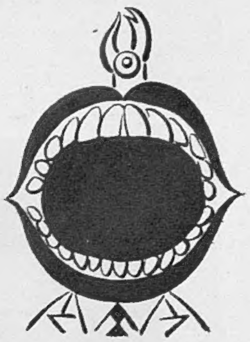
★

Drawn by
Oscar Berger


HEART-SPECIALIST

PALMIST


SCIENTIST


DENTIST

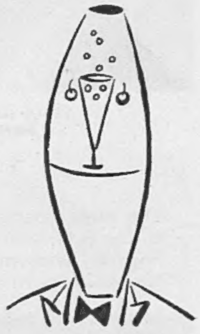
long face that he had no white trousers. But, he added, cheerfully : " I think I know where I can get some, Sir." The Sub-Lieutenant was a little surprised to find that they had been creased sideways.

Nevertheless, with his polished telescope, he went on duty fairly full of confidence. To his horror the King, who was with the Commander of the Royal yacht, observed him and exclaimed : " That young man's got on my trousers ! " The poor young gentleman, suddenly realising that it was the personal predilection of King George V., like his father King Edward VII., to have his trousers pressed in this curious way, and realising too that his steward had made friends with the Royal valet, prayed that the deck would open under him. The King, however, was highly amused and told him that he was going to present him with the trousers as a souvenir.

IT is on record that yet another Naval officer is to-day wearing a pair of gold cuff-links with the Royal monogram for a reason not dissimilar to the above. As I was told the story, at the end of the war, when King George VI. was visiting the troops in Italy, he stayed for a short time at a villa overlooking the bay of Naples. The security people issued an order that no boats, other than Royal Naval vessels, should be allowed in the bay, which was duly cleared of its normal complement of fishermen. One morning after breakfast the King observed a rowing boat crossing the bay. He was not in the least worried from the security point of view, but for such a disciplinarian, orders were orders. He summoned a young Naval officer, pointed this out to him, and sent him off to enquire.

The Naval officer went out in a launch, and found a very small man rowing a much larger lady across the bay. He hailed the couple and said to them in English : " What are you doing here ? Don't you know that you are not allowed to be here ? " Whereupon the lady replied in perfect English : " But we do this every morning. Why can't we ? " " Well," said the Naval officer, " there are very good reasons why you shouldn't, and if you really want to know, it is because the King of England is staying over there." To which the lady replied : " I am terribly sorry. I would not do anything to disturb him. Please convey our compliments and may I give you my card ? " On it was written : " S.M. La Reina d'Italia." The " boatman " was the late King Victor Emanuel. When King George VI. was told of it, he was delighted and, like his father, presented the young man with the memento to which I have referred.

A LITTLE while ago a firm of West End house agents came into the news because it was discovered that the principal of the firm had the habit of telling the truth in the prospectuses of houses and flats to let which he sent out to his clients, saying, for example : " Small drawing-room, highly suitable for a dwarf." In this he was the opposite of a distinguished titled lady who once tried to let me a house—a dark, dank and miserable place—which she described preliminarily on paper as " facing bracing north." A friend showed me to-day a prospectus from another West End firm advertising a cottage in Sussex, which said : " The original building is an Elizabethan Manor House and is mentioned in Doomsday Book." This reminds me a little of Ernest Thesiger, who appeared in one of those magazine programmes before the war and had listed among his hobbies the collection of antiques, the writer, however, adding not totally fortunately : " He is often to be seen at the carpenter's bench himself."

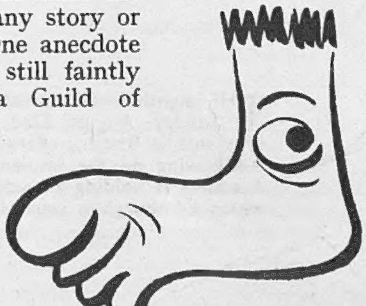

BARTENDER

I HEAR that recently Colonel M. J. O'Brien Twohig, the senior Queen's Messenger—we have ancestors in common—reopened what one might call the Silver Greyhound route to Persia. Whenever there is a new route to be opened, or an old route to be reopened, Colonel O'Brien Twohig performs this task. He tells a pleasant recent story of the tannoy at Ciampino, the Rome airport, enquiring with the maddening persistence of that instrument, for a certain " Signor Obé." At long last it transpired that they were looking for a Mr. William Brown, who had pompously put himself down as Mr. William Brown, O.B.E. On another occasion, Colonel Twohig had to evacuate the entire staff of a Latin American mission. It so happened that there were three baronets at the top of the evacuation list. The clerk in the airline office, after the first two had been despatched, enquired politely : " Excuse me, Señor Colonel, but is this Señor Bart a brother of the other two ? "

HAIRDRESSER

I REMEMBER a year or two before the war going as a guest of the late Sir Dennison Ross to dinner at the Omar Khayyam Club, and listening to probably the finest quartet of after-dinner speeches it has been my privilege to hear in a misspent after-dinner lifetime. The other three speakers were Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice, the late Sir Stephen Gazelee, the then Librarian of the Foreign Office, and Sir Herbert Samuel, as he then was. If I had to choose—*primus inter pares*—I would have selected Lord Samuel's as the wittiest and the most charmingly anecdotal. The other day I happened to pick up a book of his which partially revealed the secret—the fact that since the age of eighteen he has made a note of any story or witty remark which struck his fancy. One anecdote out of his own experience has left me still faintly giggling. " In Darwen (Lancashire) a Guild of Hope rally was being held in the Co-operative Hall. The Mayor and Members of the Corporation arrived rather late, and as they walked up the centre of the hall, led by the Mayor in his robe, the audience were singing the hymn, ' See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on.' "

FARMER


CHIROPODIST

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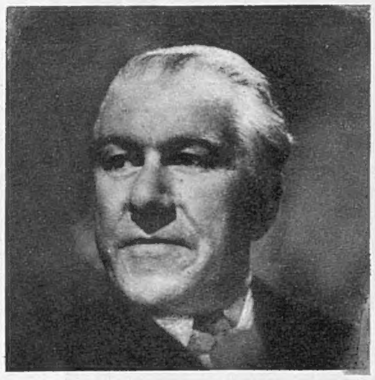
OLIVER MESSEL.
Designer.

MATTIWILDA DOBBS.
Coloratura Soprano.

CARL EBERT.
Artistic Director.

GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA

The three operas forming the Glyndebourne Opera Company's contribution to the Festival are : *Le Comte Ory*, opera in two acts by Scribe and Delestre-Poirson, with music by Rossini, conducted by Vittorio Gui ; *Ariadne Auf Naxos*, opera in one act, with a Prologue, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, with music by Richard Strauss, conducted by John Pritchard ; and *Così Fan Tutte*, opera in two acts by Lorenzo da Ponte, with music by Mozart, conducted in turn by Vittorio Gui and John Pritchard. All three produced by Carl Ebert, *Ariadne Auf Naxos* being from the Glyndebourne Opera Festival.



DR. REGINALD JACQUES.
Conductor.

ELIZABETH SCHWARZKOPF.
Soprano.

CONSTANCE SHACKLOCK.
Mezzo-Soprano.

SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI.
Conductor.

ISAAC STERN.
Violinist.

CLAUDIO ARRAU.
Pianist.

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN.
Pianist.

LEON GOOSSENS.
Oboist.

CONDUCTORS AND SOLOISTS

Orchestras in Edinburgh for the Festival include the Statsradiofoniens Symfoniorkester of Denmark, the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra, the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française, the Symphony Orchestra of the Nordwestdeutscher Rundfunk, the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain, and the Hallé and Philharmonia Orchestras, all at Usher Hall, and the Jacques Orchestra ; Amadeus String Quartet ; Orchestra of the Collegium Musicum, Zurich ; Chamber Orchestra, Danish Statsradiofonien, Kehr String Trio and Pascal String Quartet, all at the Freemasons' Hall.

THE eighth International Festival of Music and Drama opened with a Service of Praise in the Cathedral Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, on Sunday, August 22nd, and will continue until September 11th. The Festival, which is now a permanent fixture in the annual calendar of events in Britain, offers this year a wonderful three-weeks season of first-class entertainment in music, opera, theatre and ballet. In addition —following on the immensely popular Degas and Renoir exhibitions held during the past two Edinburgh Festivals—the Royal Scottish Academy is holding an exhibition of the paintings of Cézanne until September 18th. There are also, of course, the additional attractions with which Edinburgh is starred at such times—the Military Tattoo, Highland games, dancing and pipe band displays, and productions by local dramatic and operatic companies.

SOME PERSONALITIES AT

THEATRE AND BALLET

STANLEY HOLLOWAY.
Bottom.

MOIRA SHEARER.
Titania.

ANN TODD.
Lady Macbeth.

PAUL ROGERS.
Macbeth.

ROBERT HELPMANN.
Oberon.

"THE DREAM"

Michael Benthall's Old Vic production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* opens a two-weeks season at the Empire Theatre on August 31st. Choreography is by Robert Helpmann, costumes and scenery by Robin and Christopher Ironside; the Scottish National Orchestra under Hugo Rignold provide the music.

"MACBETH"

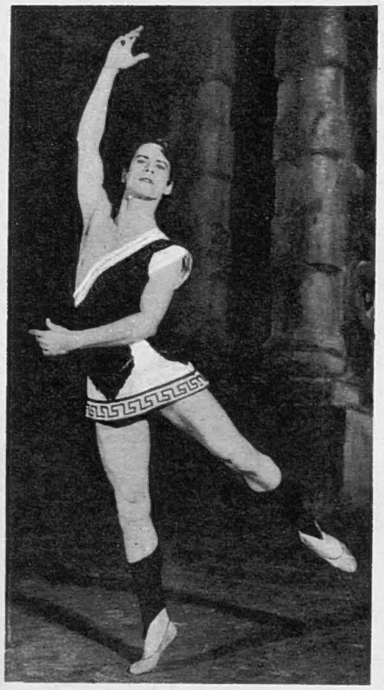
The Old Vic Company's *Macbeth* opened at the Assembly Hall on August 23rd, and will continue there until September 4th, after which it will open a five-weeks season at the Old Vic Theatre in London. Michael Benthall is again the producer, Audrey Cruddas the designer, and the accompanying music was composed by Brian Easdale.

MICHAEL BENTHALL.
Producer.

VIOLETTA ELVIN.

ALEXIS RASSINE.

NADIA NERINA.



MICHAEL SOMES.

"HOMAGE TO DIAGHILEV"

A programme of three ballets in homage to Diaghilev, who died twenty-five years ago this month, is the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company's contribution to the Festival. Two of the ballets—Massine's *Le Tricorne* and *La Boutique Fantasque*—are part of the Company's usual repertoire, but the third, *L'Oiseau de Feu*, has been specially produced for this commemorative programme. The original choreography by Fokine for Diaghilev's 1910 production of this ballet in Paris has been reproduced by Serge Grigoriev and Lubov Tchernicheva and, determined upon authenticity of costume and setting, the Company sent a member to Paris to consult with Gontcharova, original designer for the 1910 performance. Three conductors accompany the Covent Garden Orchestra for their Edinburgh Season: John Hollingsworth, Robert Irving and guest conductor Ernest Ansermet.

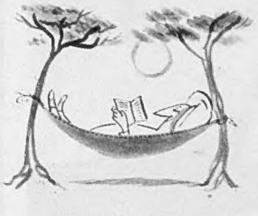
THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Our Bookshelf

A KISS BEFORE DYING.

By Ira Levin.

(Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.)



TREASURE DIVING HOLIDAYS.

By Jane and Barney Crile.

(Collins ; 16s.)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

WE are, as the Psalmist tells us, fearfully and wonderfully made! For when quite good people are having quite a good time they nearly always choose to read a book just like *A Kiss Before Dying*, and then lay it down with a sigh of gentle satisfaction—(and what do *bad* people read to make them forget they are having quite a bad time? Jane Austen, maybe).

Ira Levin's first novel, in spite of its atmosphere of suspense and horror, cannot be termed a whodunit, because we are in the murderer's confidence the whole time, wondering whether he will get away with it yet never wishing he may, for our passionate sympathies lie where they always should and far too seldom do—with the victims instead of with the debonair young criminal, an adept at plausible self-justification. An easy way presents itself, or so he thinks, to scoop some of the Copper King's millions through Leo Kingship's youngest daughter, Dorothy; and when that fails, through the second daughter, Ellen; and finally via the eldest daughter, Marion.

His treacheries are brilliantly conceived and ruthlessly carried out; over and over again, the cold thrill devised for my "entertainment" proved almost too severe a strain on the nervous system: for instance, when, in a letter so innocently addressed to the wrong person, Ellen reveals her subtle reason for suspecting—(at this juncture any writer or indeed any reader of crime stories would implore the reviewer to stop and not spoil the fun!).

Ira Levin is not only good at wickedness, so to speak, but his characters are alive; which is to say, by a sinister paradox, that they are alive even after they are dead. Incredible that he should be only twenty-five!

★

> *When the children could sneak up on a sleeping nurse shark they tried to ride it, clinging for a few seconds to its sandpaper skin before it shook them loose.*

FROM this excerpt it will be seen that Dr. Crile and his wife Jane, authors of *Treasure Diving Holidays*, must appear the ideal parents for not "fussing"; at moments alarmingly ideal: our hearts stood still when we beheld seven-year-old Susie with a 300-lb. jewfish on her nine-thread line, Susie triumphantly astride a seventy-year-old turtle, or, more terrifying and less attractive to all parties, twelve-year-old Joan trapped under water by her air hose. Then I decided to take "fearless" for granted throughout this fascinating and almost unbelievable narrative of what is modestly set forth in the sub-title as "The Adventures of a Family under the Sea."

> *Children become too dependent upon the organisation of city life, and to teach them self-reliance and ingenuity, our theory was that they should be put back to a primitive level.*

The writer's appreciation of strange and sudden marine beauty never grew stale, nor her sense of awe and mystery called forth by each newly revealed pattern of symmetrical creation. Nevertheless, what they planned and where they went and what happened to them is told in a matter-of-fact voice as though they had never left the bath-tub in their Cleveland home, where Dr. Crile first began to practise breathing under water.

My one criticism of what has already become a favourite bed-book (the keep-you-awake, not the send-you-to-sleep kind) is that they never tell how they manage to breathe down on the ocean bed for hours and *hours*, wearing only a glass mask over their eyes and noses—(probably it was for less than two minutes; and in my enthusiasm over the book, I had skipped the two most important lines in it). Light of heart, they scrambled and sported and gambolled with barracuda, cowfish, conches, abalones, minnows, grunions and octopi without apparently ever needing to breathe at all; until later on, under the leadership of David Dyche, a deep-sea diver—"Not very d-d-deep. . . . Never over t-t-two hundred or t-t-two hundred and twenty feet"—they adopted a "Jackie Brown" outfit to facilitate their exciting new ambition.

What an original and glorious way for youngsters to absorb a complete education, treasure-hunting in the Spanish Main, salvaging among the Keys around Florida, exploring the Red Reef at Andros Island, in the Bahamas, taking up residence in a derelict fortress rising out of the sea at the gateway of the Caribbean (nesting-ground for millions of tern which do not recognise their eggs "but only the place that they are laid in"—funny if translated into human behaviour!); raising from the wreck of a slave-ship the ivory tusks of the wild African elephant "never domesticated except by Hannibal in his wars against Rome"; or hauling out for closer investigation a cannon from a wreck off Looe Key:

> *As the long, smooth barrel broke out of the coral, a rough raised pattern was exposed. "A crowned Tudor Rose," Pete cried. "It's an English gun!"*

The jealousy of the treasure-hunter as it woke in Barney and Jane is honestly put on record: "We were experiencing all the overwhelming emotions of first love. We had found the cannon; it was ours." . . . But as they became more sophisticated and lust of possession worked itself out, they appreciated the philosophy of Arthur McKee, an expert on the subject:

> *Treasure to him was not just gold and silver, but all the homely little articles that people have lived by in centuries past—*

And when a rare Queen Anne pewter teapot was brought forth intact from a lump of coral, it occurred to us that a footnote might well be added to the statement that there are more things in heaven and *earth*. . . .

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

Q for Quadrant

(A hectoring lecture delivered by a prison inmate)

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

WILD BROTHER.
By Mary Patchett. *(Collins ; 10s. 6d.)*

THEY WALKED BESIDE ME.
By Katherine L. Simms. *(Hutchinson ; 15s.)*

THE SOLDIER AT THE DOOR.
By Edith Pargetter. *(Wm. Heinemann Ltd. ; 12s. 6d.)*

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.
By Celeste Andrews Seton. *(Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.)*

THE WHISPER IN THE GLOOM.
By Nicholas Blake. *(Collins ; 10s. 6d.)*

GRAND MAN.
Memories of Norman Douglas by Nancy Cunard.
(Martin Secker and Warburg Ltd. ; 25s.)

THE KEY THAT RUSTS.
By Isobel English. *(Andre Deutsch ; 10s. 6d.)*

BIRTHDAY PICTURES

OF

PRINCESS ANNE

Photographed by Marcus Adams.

1. Donna Louisa (Jane Wenham) listens as her brother, Don Ferdinand (Desmond Ainsworth) begs Don Jerome (David Bird) not to force her to marry Isaac : " 'Tis only my regard for my sister makes me speak ! " "Then pray, sir, in future let your regard for your father make you hold your tongue ! "

2. The Duenna (Joyce Carey) impersonates Louisa, who runs away. Here, Isaac (Gerald Cross) tries to stop " Louisa " from singing : " Ma'am, I perceive you're hoarse—I beg you will not distress yourself."

"Sketch" Photo-Call

The Duenna

TAKE a director who is known as a perfectionist, a composer whose talent is more advanced than his years, and a writer whose whimsical wit has remained in favour for 150 years, boil them all up together—and the chances are, they 'll " jell." In the current production of *The Duenna* at the Westminster, these three ingredients have indeed " jelled," and the result is a witty, pretty show that looks like running forever.

The " perfectionist " director is Lionel Harris ; the talented young composer, Julian Slade, and the playwright none other than Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

The alteration in any way—let alone the " *improvement* "—of an operetta which has so well stood the test of time, is not calculated to win approval, but Lionel Harris has altered with intelligence and a careful pen. The new lines are not distinguishable enough from the original to cause Sheridan to turn in his grave : indeed, in this production, the word " improvement " is definitely merited.

Jane Wenham is enchanting as Donna Louisa, whose father insists upon her marriage to the rich foreigner, Isaac Mendoza. As Don Jerome, David Bird is suitably perplexed and harassed at having fathered a girl who cannot see the advantages of a wealthy husband. Louisa sums up her attitude for him with pungency : " He has the worst fault a husband can have—he 's not my choice." But *she* is *his*, as Don Jerome is at pains to point out, and until she comes to her senses and agrees to marry Isaac, she is to be confined to her room. Don Ferdinand considers his sister's plight a hopeless one, but Louisa has caught sight of Isaac from a window, and this has strengthened her resolve to avoid marriage with him.

She and her Duenna plot together : Louisa will flee the house disguised as the Duenna, and as a reward for her help, the Duenna —determined to find a husband—may marry the rich Isaac. In her flight, Louisa meets Donna Clara—charmingly played by Joan Plowright—who has also run from home because *her* father has threatened to send her to a convent rather than allow her to marry Louisa's brother, Ferdinand. Clara goes off into hiding and Louisa, assuming her identity, beseeches the unsuspecting Isaac to help her find Don Antonio, the man she loves. Isaac complies with relish, thinking thus to rid himself of a rival for Louisa's hand, and then takes himself off to Don Jerome's house to pay court to that gentleman's daughter.

Don Jerome has described his daughter's beauty to Isaac, who is therefore flabbergasted when confronted by the supposed Louisa, whom he declares is old enough to be his mother. But he puts it all down to paternal blindness and fixes his mind on her fortune rather than her face, and woos her with unabated ardour. To his eventual regret, he persuades her to a runaway marriage—indeed, in the final reckoning, the hapless Isaac is the only one who doesn't look like living happily ever after !

Photographed by Angus McBean.

5. Louisa, posing as her brother's sweetheart, Clara, has asked Isaac to help her find Don Antonio (Denis Martin). Having heard that Antonio is a suitor for Louisa's hand, Isaac willingly complies. Boasting of Louisa's abduction, he says : " What a laugh we shall have when the truth comes out, hey ? "

9. Journeys end in lovers' meetings : the muddle is sorted out and all four lovers are happy, for Father Paul, at first able to find many good reasons against it, is tempted by " a most unanswerable purse " and has promised to marry them.

3. Don Carlos (Robert Sewell), having exclaimed of "Louisa": "Why, she's damned ugly!" covers the awkward moment by singing a duet with Carlotta (Patricia Routledge), watched by Harlequin (Peter Darrell) and Columbine (Elizabeth West).

4. "I' faith, Isaac, she is the hardest woman to compliment I ever saw," says Carlos, but Isaac wishes to abduct the lady with a view to gaining all her fortune by wedding her without arranging a marriage settlement with her father, so Carlos obligingly lends his barrow.

6. Don Jerome believes Isaac has seen Louisa. "You will not see a prettier girl," says Don Jerome. "Oh, here and there *one*," says Isaac.

7. Donna Clara (Joan Plowright) has taken refuge within a convent. Meanwhile, Isaac has told Ferdinand that "Clara" and Antonio are to be married.

8. Near by, Father Paul (Peter Bryant) is drinking with his monks (Frank Lloyd, James and Norman Campbell, Peter Madden, Paul Garner, Peter Dickinson).

10. Isaac has brought *his* bride to ask forgiveness of her "father": "Why, zounds!" cries the startled Don Jerome. "Your impudence is as great as your ugliness!" "His own daughter, and he is so hard-hearted he can't forgive her," marvels Isaac.

11. It's all a bit too much for Harlequin and Columbine—and for Don Jerome, who begged querulously on seeing Clara in her novice's habit, "Ferdinand, you ha'n't stole a *nun*, have you?" But here is Clara, her old self once again—all's well that ends well!

Strictly Biographical: 14.

By Louis T. Stanley

Arnold Toynbee

THE restricted vision of the human race is such that for most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship which illumine only the track it has passed. Among such men Arnold Toynbee can certainly not be numbered. To many in England his name is only vaguely familiar, and frequently misplaced. This professional historian is far better known in America, where the abridged edition of his magnum opus, *A Study of History*, has now reached the envied peak of a best-seller. I might add that Arnold Toynbee did not found Toynbee Hall. That honour belongs to his uncle. He is a Protestant, and not, as is often averred, a Roman Catholic. He comes of a remarkable family in which every member displayed rare intellectual gifts. One uncle, Paget, was the great Dante scholar; another, Arnold, was the historian and economist; his grandfather was an eminent surgeon; his mother has several histories to her credit.

Arnold Toynbee, born in 1889, traces his career through Winchester, a Balliol scholarship, Classical Greats, and a Balliol Fellowship in Ancient History. He married the daughter of Professor Gilbert Murray. Three years as a don convinced him that he preferred scholarship to the grind of teaching, a conviction that altered the course of his career. Following a brief spell as Professor of Byzantine and Modern Greek at London University, he turned to Chatham House in 1925 and became Director of Studies at the freshly founded Institute of International Affairs. Twenty-nine years later we find that the names have become synonymous. Chatham House and Arnold Toynbee are now virtually one and the same. It was there that I met him, against the background that has become his life's work.

Quiet in voice and gesture, a stooping scholarly figure, with vivid white hair and noble profile, Toynbee possesses that graceful and endearing attribute *politesse du coeur* in such perfection that it is hard, for all but a few, to tell where courtesy ends and heart begins. His attitude is that of a man who dislikes and distrusts introspection, which can be daunting to anyone who would attempt to expound him. As in the case of some other men of subtle intellect, his feelings are probably a great deal simpler than people find it easy to believe.

The Language of the Pen

HIS talk is that of a man who has more faith in facts than theories, more interest in records than conjecture. Though he enjoys cleverness, he never regrets its absence in a companion he likes. He seems to suffer little from boredom, that common scourge of uncommon men. Many people's writing is the spoken word on paper, merely titivated conversation, but Toynbee actually speaks the language of the pen. His diction is plain, very accurate, succinct, yet full and rounded. It is formal and traditional rather than personal. It reflects not passing moods, but habits of thought and feeling. The senses contribute nothing to its vigour, which is intellectual, nor is it at all indebted to random meditation for richness. It aims at definition rather than suggestion. He is extremely fastidious about the written word, giving everything he writes the double polish; that which removes from the surface of style the roughness and inexactness of improvisation, and that which strives to obliterate traces of laborious care. He can conduct on paper a long train of reasoning with elegant eloquence. Toynbee's place among living historians is assured. The double task of writing contemporary history in the annual *Survey of International Affairs* and universal history in *A Study of History* form a unique undertaking and achievement.

After the First World War, Toynbee was a member of the British delegation at the Peace Conference. In the last war he again entered the Foreign Office, becoming Director of the Foreign Office Research Department, and in 1946 was once more a British delegate to a Paris Peace Conference. The experience was not entirely happy and it was with a measure of relief that he returned to the more scholarly atmosphere of Chatham House, the Royal Institute of International Affairs, which, in striking contrast to the majority of established institutions in this country cannot lay claim to ancient lineage. Less than thirty-five years have passed since its inception. Those years, however, have witnessed a series of momentous events in world history which have added significance to the activities of the Institute and have enabled it to establish a record of achievement, for the most part unknown to the general public, which qualifies it to rank on terms of equality with better-known learned bodies of more ancient foundation.

One of the more positive consequences of the First World War was that an important change took place in the attitude of the great nations towards foreign relationships. It is to this change that Chatham House owes its existence. Before 1914 the Governments of all the major Powers tended to assume that in the conduct of foreign affairs it was the duty of each to think almost exclusively in terms of national interest, and to frame its policy accordingly. In other words, in every country in varying degree, the tendency was towards thinking nationally rather than internationally.

During the Peace Conference of 1919 the necessity for a wider vision of international relationships became clearly evident. The need was recognised for a permanent organisation for the collection, study and dissemination of accurate and specialised information about matters of international concern. As a result of the efforts of such men as Lord Robert Cecil, Lionel Curtis, Lord Eustace Percy and Geoffrey Dawson the British Institute of International Affairs, as it was originally called, was inaugurated on July 5th, 1920. The Institute opened its headquarters in Malet Street, Bloomsbury, in 1921, but moved two years later to St. James's Square, to a beautiful old house, a historic building with appropriate associations, for among the famous people who lived there at various times were the elder Pitt, Lord Chatham, and later, two great Prime Ministers in Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone.

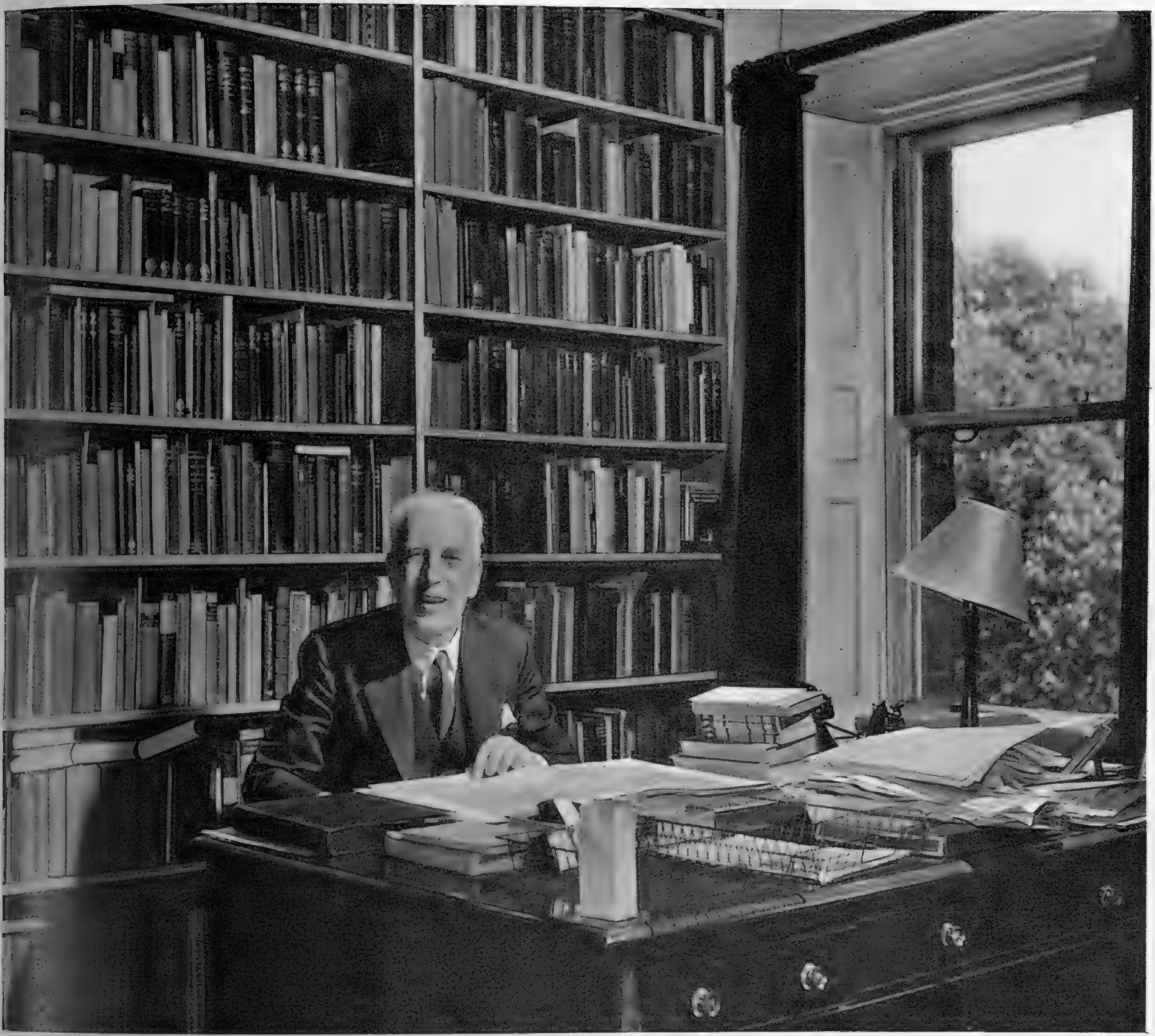
Toynbee the Prophet

SUCH is Arnold Toynbee's background. He has used it to analyse in his writing the reasons for the widespread breakdowns that have occurred in his generation. This capacity for incisive, almost prophetic insight and objectivity has placed him alongside the leading historians of the nineteenth century—Tocqueville, Acton, and Burckhardt. In his first book in 1915 he predicted that another world war would result if Germany were deprived of the Polish Corridor. Elsewhere in the same book he put forward the suggestion that America should be responsible for the administration of the Black Sea Straits, a suggestion that found its echo in the Truman Doctrine. Nineteen thirty-four saw Toynbee anticipate a prostrate Japan dominated by America.

In the light of such predictions, it is interesting to turn to Toynbee's analysis of the future. Allowing for the disadvantage of quoting out of context, Toynbee spoke at Princeton on the possible results of mankind having discovered how to tap atomic energy before we have succeeded in abolishing war. Taking the pessimistic view that the future could be catastrophic, he said that once he would have prophesied that whatever future we might be going to have would lie with the Tibetans and the Eskimos, because each of these people occupied, until quite recently, an unusually sheltered position. By sheltered he meant sheltered from the dangers arising from human agency, not sheltered from the rigours of the physical environment. He pointed out that mankind has been master of his physical environment, sufficiently for practical purposes, since the middle palæolithic age; since that time, man's only dangers have come from man himself. But the homes of the Tibetans and the Eskimos are sheltered no longer, for both are now crossed by aircraft and could be theatres of a future Russo-American war.

If mankind was going to run amok with atom bombs, Toynbee personally would look to the Negrito Pygmies of Central Africa to salvage some fraction of the present heritage of mankind. Their eastern cousins in the Philippines and in the Malay Peninsula would probably perish with the rest of us, as they both live in what had now come to be dangerously exposed positions. The African Negritos were said by anthropologists to have an unexpectedly pure and lofty conception of the nature of God and of God's relation to man. They might be able to give mankind a fresh start; and, though we should then have lost the achievements of the last 6,000 to 10,000 years, what were 10,000 years compared to the 600,000 or 1,000,000 years for which the human race had already been in existence? The extreme possibility of catastrophe was that we might succeed in exterminating the whole human race, African Negritos and all.

On the evidence of the past history of life on this planet, even this was not entirely unlikely. After all, the reign of man on the Earth, if we were right in thinking that man established his present ascendancy in the middle palæolithic age, was so far only about 100,000 years old, and what was that compared to the 500,000,000 or 800,000,000 years during which life had been in existence on the surface of this planet? In the past, other forms of life have enjoyed reigns which had lasted for almost inconceivably longer periods—



Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

and which yet at last had come to an end. There was a reign of the giant armoured reptiles which might have lasted about 80,000,000 years; say from about the year 130,000,000 to the year 50,000,000 before the present day. But the reptiles' reign came to an end. Long before that—perhaps 300,000,000 years ago—there was a reign of giant armoured fishes, creatures that had already accomplished the tremendous achievement of growing a movable lower jaw. But the reign of the fishes came to an end.

The winged insects were believed to have come into existence about 250,000,000 years ago. Perhaps the higher winged insects—the social insects that had anticipated mankind in creating an institutional life—were still waiting for their reign on Earth to come. If the ants and bees were one day to acquire even that glimmer of intellectual understanding that man has possessed in his day, and if they were then to make their own shot at seeing history in perspective, they might see the advent of the mammals and the brief reign of the human mammal, as almost irrelevant episodes, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The challenge to us, in our generation, according to Toynbee, is to see to it that this interpretation of history shall not become the true one.

The Elusive Path

AT the Bampton Foundation at Columbia University, New York, Toynbee recalled Aldous Huxley's anti-utopia, *Brave New World*, in which he pictured a world in which, in order to make human existence safe under comfortable material conditions, man had systematically and cold-bloodedly suppressed everything that from the higher point of view made human life worth living. He had got rid of war, disease, famine, but in getting rid of those ancient scourges he had also got rid of the soul. The moral of Huxley's penetrating piece of satire was that the price was too high to pay. Man, as pictured by Aldous Huxley in this *Brave New World*, was living in what the Greek philosopher Plato called *The City of Swine*. Toynbee commented that what we had to find was a path between catastrophe and a "brave new world." If we found it at all, it would probably be a narrow passage with formidable dangers on either side.

The principles upon which Toynbee has lived and worked are those of a scholar to whom the esoteric side of Greek thought has been revealed. His work, with its fidelity, its conviction of the greatness of the civilisation on which his own activities have been a commentary, links that classical past to the present day, and to the whole human society of to-morrow. Toynbee originally thought that religion existed for the sake of civilisation. He has now become convinced that civilisation exists for the sake of religion—a view that runs counter to the popular belief of Marxists and realists, the academic historians. Toynbee is impervious to such attacks. In controversy he has at command a deadly ironic urbanity. After all, it is the bitter and envious who wear themselves down soonest to weary passivity. Throughout it all Arnold Toynbee remains a quiet, dignified figure, unstained by the more dubious characteristics which are too often an ingredient of political and international life.

Our Social Diary

Bembridge and Cowes

I WENT down to the Isle of Wight for the last few days of Cowes Week: my first visit to the island, and in what may be politely described as indifferent weather, but I enjoyed it enormously and hope to go there again often in the future. I was fortunate in being able to stay at the Pitt House Country Club in Bembridge: fortunate because, under the intelligent and civilized management of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Clegg, it has the atmosphere of an English country house and a comfort and cuisine that many other hotels might well emulate. Guests there during my stay were Major and Mrs. Berkeley Stafford with her son, the Hon. Julian Grenfell, Mr. and Mrs. Bonsor, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Crichton, and Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Boyle with their son Michael, on holiday from Eton, and their attractive daughter Carina.

A feature of Bembridge that appealed to me was the absence of any built-up seafront; near Pitt House, trees grow right down to the beach, where the Garland Club is a very popular meeting-place for luncheon or tea, presided over by Miss Morton, one of the island's oldest residents and a most charming person. Here I met Mrs. Rupert Bellville with her son Hercules; Mrs. Enid Cameron, and Mrs. Elizabeth Clive, with her son Colin and very pretty daughter Caroline, all of whom were staying at the Royal Spithead Hotel.

I enjoyed my first view of Cowes with its bay full of every kind and class of yacht, many with the gaily-coloured sails which have become popular in recent years, and at anchor further out the Royal Naval frigate *Grenville* and the American destroyer *Glennon*. As I came down the hill by Cowes Castle, the home of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the *Queen Mary* sailed into view on her outward voyage from Southampton, dominating and dwarfing everything within sight. It was the third day of the Royal Yacht Squadron and Island Sailing Club regattas, and the front was as thick with spectators as the balconies and windows of the sailing clubs.

The chief event among the twenty-five races was the large handicap class competing for the New York Challenge Cup. This trophy was presented three years ago by the New York Yacht Club to commemorate 100 years of racing between English and American yachtsmen, so it was somewhat unfortunate that there were no American entries this year. The race was won by *Kaylena*, owned by Major R. Macdonald-Buchanan, with the naval yacht *Marabu* second and *June*, owned by Mr. J. Badcock, third.

That afternoon, I had tea in the Island Sailing Club, where, among others, I saw Major and Mrs. Robert Steele, who were sailing to France in their yacht *Zavia* at the end of the week; Lady Avebury, and Miss Diana Morley Kennerley, who was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Somerset de Chair on their yacht *Harebell*. In the evening there was a dinner-party on board the *Grenville*, for which Admiral Sir John Edelsten, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, came over to act as host. His guests included the respective Commodores of the Royal Yacht Squadron (Sir Ralph Gore), the Royal London Yacht Club (the Hon. Max Aitken) and the Island Sailing Club (Mr. Christopher Ratsey).

HER MAJESTY AT BELFAST: A bottle of champagne shatters in a fountain of liquid and glass as the Shaw Savill luxury liner *Southern Cross* starts to slide down the slipway at her launching by the Queen from the Belfast yard of Harland and Wolff on August 17th. This new 20,000-tonner is to be used for service between Britain and Australia and New Zealand.

The following day saw both the Squadron Regatta and the Cowes Town Regatta. There was a large programme—twenty-four events—and after a dull and overcast morning the sun came out and racing took place under perfect conditions. *Unique*, owned by Lieut.-Colonel R. Perry, won the 5.5 metre event for the second day in succession; in the race for the Flying Fifteens *Frolic*, owned by Mr. R. Farrent, was first, with the Duke of Edinburgh's *Coweslip*, sailed by Uffa Fox, second.

I had tea on the Squadron lawn and was interested to learn that Cowes Castle had been built by Henry VIII. and the Club itself founded as long ago as 1815. The Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn were also having tea that afternoon, having come over from Bembridge, where they have a house, to which they bring their two young sons each year; also Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Mansell and Mrs. Michael Wood.

After tea I went to the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, where I met Mr. Trevor Glanville and his twin brother, Geoffrey, who together had been sailing their yacht *Blue Phantom* with some success in the Swallow class events. They invited me to join their party for dinner at the Royal London Yacht Club, from which we afterwards watched the traditional fireworks display.

The last day, there was a wind which had reached gale force by early afternoon, with the result that three yachts sank and many mishaps overtook others. Only *Lumberjack*, owned by the Hon. Max Aitken, finished in the race for the Hamble Cup, and many of the competitors in the 345-mile race to the Wolf Rock had to give up half-way. *Bluebottle*, owned by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and sailed by Lieut.-Commander R. Hewitt, won the race for the Dragon class.

Bembridge S.C. Ball

HAPPILY, the gale had dropped by the evening for the Annual Ball, given by the Flag Officers and members of the Bembridge Sailing Club. I say happily, for the Club House is not large enough to accommodate all the people who come to this extremely popular event, and at one time during the day two marquees had almost seemed in danger of being blown away.

Before the dance, more than sixty people dined at Pitt House, including Sir Derek and Lady Gunston, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cleaver, Lord and Lady Fairfax, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Stevenson-Clarke and Mrs. Audrey Burke.

At the dance, I joined a party which included Major and Mrs. Berkeley Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Swetenham and Mr. Martin Soames. The latter has a charming house in Bembridge, where he and his wife, with their schoolboy son and attractive daughter, spend their week-ends and holidays. Club Commodores were there in strength, including the Commodore, Sir Hugh Dawson, the Vice-Commodore, Colonel Huddleston, with his wife, and the Rear-Commodore, Captain Montague Lowry-Corry, whose daughter Jose had just returned from Rome, where she has been studying singing.

Mr. and Mrs. Sparke-Davies, who had come over from Cowes, where they had been staying on their yacht *Pegasa*, were

" THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH " : The Duchess of Devonshire and party walking to the first line of butts on Hazelwood Moor, part of the Duke of Devonshire's estate, Bolton Abbey Moors, in Yorkshire, on the opening day of the grouse-shooting season.

LORD SWINTON'S PARTY on the Twelfth at Pott Moor, Grimes Ghyll, Yorkshire, comprised five guns, *l. to r.* : Mr. R. Scrope, Lord Swinton, Mr. R. W. Thompson, Major E. A. D. Collins and Sir Thomas Dugdale, former Minister of Agriculture.

among the guests, Brigadier and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gore, and Lord and Lady Melchett, who were on holiday at Bembridge with their two children. Also enjoying this excellent dance, which ended far too early for most people, were the Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken, the latter wearing a very pretty dress of pale blue printed organza ; Mr. David and Lady Joan Colville with their two daughters and the Hon. Caroline Grenfell, who was staying with them ; Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bellville and their son Jeremy ; Colonel and Mrs. Christopher Fuller ; Admiral Sir Francis and Lady Tottenham ; Sir Ralph and Lady Gore ; Mrs. Gerald Walker with her son David ; Lord and Lady Ruthven ; Sir Peter Macdonald, M.P. for the Island, with Miss Joan Haggie ; Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys and the Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn with the Marquess Camden and Lady Georgina Curzon.

" The House of Rothschild "

I HAD the unusual experience of seeing *The House of Rothschild* in the house of the Rothschilds ! The occasion was a very amusing party given by Baron and Baroness Eugene de Rothschild, who have been over here on a visit from their home in Austria. Nearly thirty of us met at the flat in Grosvenor Square which the Baron and his very attractive wife had taken for their stay.

After cocktails, followed by an excellent dinner, we were all conveyed by Green Line coach to Les Ambassadeurs Club, which was for many years the London house of the de Rothschild family. Arrangements had been made for a private showing of that notable film, *The House of Rothschild.* Made before the war, with the late George Arliss and Loretta Young in the leading rôles, it was also one of the first films using colour—and I must say that it compares very favourably with many that are shown to-day.

Enjoying the evening with their host and hostess were Lord and Lady Mancroft, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lord and Lady Cullen, Mr. Peter Coates, Sir Alexander and Lady Cadogan, Mr. Eddy Rothschild, the Earl of Drogheda, Captain and Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon, and Mr. and Mrs. John Woolridge.

RACES AT HANOVER : Spectators at a B.A.O.R. race meeting on August 8th were Major Gerald Thelwall, Sherwood Foresters, Mrs. Thelwall and Mrs. Tulloch, with Michael Tulloch and Peter Thelwall, who were over from England to spend their school holidays at Celle.

The Ebor Handicap, York

MY original plan of staying with friends for the three-day summer meeting at York, and from there going on to Gleneagles for the week-end, had to be abandoned, as this comparatively simple-sounding journey by rail proved, on consultation with a timetable, to be so very much the reverse that it would almost be quicker to walk !

I did, however, go up to York from London for the day of the Ebor Handicap, having a very comfortable journey there and back, and will be writing about Gleneagles in the next issue.

Luckily, the summer we have so far enjoyed (!) has made me a little pessimistic of the weather's behaviour. Torrential rain was falling as I emerged from York Station, and I was thankful I had come armed with a mackintosh and umbrella. There was no sign of any taxi, and a kindly policeman advised me to go by the special buses that were being run to the course, which is about a mile away, so I joined a queue resembling the tail of the mouse in *Alice in Wonderland* ! But, despite this, I soon found myself safely deposited at the course. An enormous crowd had come from all parts of the country, and every stand and enclosure was packed with people. Rain continued more or less unabated throughout the afternoon and the lawns of the stand and the grass in the paddock were soon reduced to a quagmire. The Irish trainer Mr. Paddy Prendergast repeated his two winning successes of the previous day—*Gipsy Rover*, owned by Mr. A. L. Hawkins, winning the Rous Selling Sweepstakes, and the valuable Voltigeur Sweepstakes being won by *Blue Sail*, owned by Mr. G. M. Bell. The Ebor Handicap itself was run in such a downpour that it was quite impossible to distinguish the colours of the runners, and even the commentator had to add an " I think " to his view that it was *By Thunder !* in the lead, as the horses turned into the straight. *By Thunder !*, owned by Mr. Jack Gerber and trained by Frank Armstrong, was not only in the lead but went on to win by no fewer than twelve lengths from *Westinform* and *Battle Burn*.

The Princess Royal, who was dressed in pale grey, watched the racing from her private box in the stand, and I saw her talking with Doreen, Marchioness of Linlithgow, during the afternoon. Naturally, on such a day fashions were not much in evidence, but I thought the Countess of Ronaldshay looked very pretty in a navy blue suit with a pleated skirt, the Hon. Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort very neat in dark grey with a three-quarter-length coat, and Mrs. Beatrice Eden extremely smart in a brown tweed coat and an emerald green cap. Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, with whom the Queen stayed recently on her way up to Balmoral, Lord Grimthorpe, the Earl of Feversham, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher York and their daughter Caroline, were among others whom I saw. Also Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Galliers-Pratt, and Miss Lavinia Keppel with her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Martin FitzAlan-Howard,

Helena

Birthday Pictures of Princess Margaret

These beautiful portraits of Her Royal Highness were specially taken by Cecil Beaton in the Morning Room at Clarence House for her twenty-fourth birthday anniversary on August 21st. *Above, left and right*, Princess Margaret is wearing a delightful white silk dress patterned with huge pink roses ; *right*, with her pet Sealyham puppy *Pippin* at her feet, she wears an enchanting dress of white organza with a dainty all-over spray design in violet.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Flags of all Nations

THE heading is from the title of an entertainment in which I appeared once (at what it is usual to call a tender age), impersonating, most subtly, the flag of Greece. It takes uncommon histrionic ability to do this; I mention it because, reflecting on the past fortnight, I think instinctively of that long-lost afternoon. (I can still taste the brand of regional cake we had for tea, and hear the storm of clapping for the Union Jack: Greece had a good hand, too, but I fear that the applause was polite rather than patriotic.)

The West End has not offered Greece: but we have had Scotland, Hungary, the United States, France, England, Egypt, and the Basque country; maybe one or two more as well. I should also mention the flying-saucer—there is no flag yet for Outer Space—in and around which people make puns about planetary inspectors, or huntin', shootin', and nuclear fission.

However. . . . Raise the flag of Scotland first. Geoffrey Ghin, who has designed the setting of William Templeton's *Keep In A Cool Place* (Saville), has produced the kind of set that will send many exiled Scots in London weeping to their beds in an ecstasy of homesickness. Or will it? Thistles, tartan, trout, lochs: we need only the bagpipes, and here the master of the house —he is called McLeod—is content with a saxophone. McLeod, a virile Scot, a widower, is immensely proud of his four children, proud of Glen Lannoch, proud of his chess-playing, his saxophone-blowing, and his art: he paints in oils, and I could show him many better pictures. What do all these gifts avail him when he finds, within the course of a single day, that three of his sons are married. Worse, the wives turn up at Glen Lannoch. One is a Hungarian who finds the place wholly comic; one is a revue soubrette who likes to do the splits when she is talking to you; and one is a little mouse of a girl who, though her father is a forger, has married (reasonably enough, when you think of it) a McLeod son from the C.I.D.

The problem, simply, is how to keep these assorted children within the Scottish scene. McLeods have to be McLeods, and Marcus is determined that none of the strangers shall let down the clan. The play turns into a prolonged game of bluff-McLeod *versus* the Visitors—but everything is resolved during the third act when all the sons troop in, from the Navy, the Army, from Scotland Yard and the Diplomatic Service, and we gather that life will go on more or less as McLeod hoped. More or less.

This is not a wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie of a play, offering one little jest and sitting back, with a squeak, to consider it. It is a bold, a dashing comedy, bulging with ideas, ram-packed with situations. And yet we realise that it can hardly drag itself to a third act curtain. Mr. Templeton uses up his plot and his invention unwisely. It is because nearly all of the inventions are from the same family, the same root, that the piece —superficially varied as it is—verges upon monotony, or would if it were not for the playing.

We have here an actor, palpably miscast, who knits the entire play together by sheer charm. I know that charm is not a word to be used now. It is grossly rubbed. People lift an eyebrow when they hear it. And yet what are we to do, when a man is charming, but say that he charms? (It is rash to strike any "vogue-word" from the language and find that you have left a blank.) Roger Livesey (who looks a bit like Compton Mackenzie, not that this has anything to do with the piece) is here the charmer. I think, myself, that McLeod should be a Scot of the Scots; and Mr. Livesey is nowhere near that. Still, he has so endearing a manner, he uses his cat-in-cream voice with so much art (hear what he can do with the simple phrase, "Let us all keep calm"), and he rolls an astonished eye to so much effect, that McLeod of Glen Lannoch does dominate the play as he should. He fits into the *décor* of thistles and antlers, tartan and trout. Others in the cast—including Hy Hazell as a Hungarian, and Kenneth Connor as one of the Very, Very Funny Comedians from provincial revue—help to push the play along; and the most genuine thing in it is Jean Cadell, as Scottish as oatcake. She is an adorable actress, and for her sake, and Mr. Livesey's, we have to wish the business well.

Denis de Marney.

"SALAD DAYS," at the Vaudeville, is reviewed on this page: here are Newton Blick, Eleanor Drew and John Warner with the "magic" piano around which this brilliant comedy is written.

THE atmosphere in *Sabrina Fair* (Palace) is less stern and wild. Here we are sitting in the sun on the North Shore of Long Island. Or we like to think we are sitting. It is not easy to keep still while Sabrina is around. The girl rarely sits. Never was such a romp! She is forever rushing on, just home from Paris, or perching on walls, or rambling in mid-stage with one or other of the young men—rising tycoons most of them, American and French—who are anxious to marry her. What makes it difficult is that she is the chauffeur's daughter, and, even in a democracy, we gather, you are not always anxious for the man who drives the Cadillac to become your son's father-in-law. (That works out, if you consider it gently.)

Samuel Taylor's comedy is artificial silk. Like many American plays, it comes from the factory rather than the heart. However, it is acted with zeal, uncommonly well in some parts (Cathleen Nesbitt, Zena Dare, Cyril Luckham), less well in others. It will live for me, neither for its Miltonic title nor its un-Miltonic heroine (Marjorie Steele as Sabrina is fresh without being expert), but for the secondary character of the father of the house. This pleasant man has retired from Wall Street. He sails now and then. He has a very fine estate. He has a Cadillac, with a chauffeur who (though his boss doesn't know it) is also a millionaire. But, more than this, he enjoys a good funeral. He is quite a cheerful soul, but he is in tune with funerals: he likes them to be carefully done, managed with some style. Give him a funeral anywhere within Cadillac-range, and he is happy. John Cromwell, who has also produced *Sabrina*, acts the man with such dry, quiet relish that my salute to him is one heard from an American friend the other day: "Kinda dear!"

"KINDA dear!" is also the word for *Salad Days* (Vaudeville), a friendly entertainment in which Julian Slade shows again that he can tinkle a tune. He and Dorothy Reynolds have devised the piece, a fantasy (here I can work in Egypt—Cleopatra, at least —and flying-saucers) that is about a magical piano with the power of making you dance. The Bristol Old Vic Company, under Denis Carey, is as good as the Bristol Old Vic Company, under Denis Carey, has always been, and that is fervent praise. Text and score are not very remarkable. Don't run away with the idea that this is a musical play that will live in history. What one does like is its gaiety, youth, spring fever, the absence of poisoned-dagger work, Teddy-boy humour, the wrigglings of our too-sophisticated librettists, the "City slicker" stuff. I would call it a nice antidote to *Pal Joey*. You will enjoy it; and when you go for a second time, take the children.

NOW may I offer a sprig of rosemary to the London memory of *Les Ballets et Chœurs Basques* (Sadler's Wells), and hope that anyone in the provinces who is in reach of it during the next weeks will lose no chance of seeing one of the most exhilarating entertainments of the kind I remember. Let me leave it at that. In my next Flags of All Nations I shall sail proudly under the banner of the bounding Basques.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

CAPTAIN CECIL HARCOURT-SMITH : For a brilliant piece of "double-crossing."

The skipper of the 45-ton, 62-ft. converted lifeboat *Aries* which returned to England on August 10th after a two-way crossing of the Atlantic in "unspeakably dirty weather," Captain Harcourt-Smith upheld naval tradition on arrival in New York by insisting that his three-man crew enter port "generally spick-and-span."

JOHN DUKES : For "ratting" gracefully.

John Dukes, of Gorbals, Glasgow, is a man after our own secret heart—not a modern Rodent Exterminator: Mr. Dukes is proud to be a ratter. A rat-*hunter*, to be more precise. We always felt there was room for a ratting uniform—a rat-stalker hat, for instance, and something rather natty in dun-coloured moleskins . . .

SHANI WALLIS and JEAN BRAMPTON : For finding new answers to an old problem.

The old problem is what to do with oneself on an English summer's day—and because it *is* summer, the answer has to be "go swimming." Shani Wallis, of *You'll Be Lucky*, and Jean Brampton, of *Pal Joey*, have their own ideas on dressing the part—Shani chose a warm siren suit: Jean picked the (nowadays) more conventional Bikini—plus a hot-water bottle.

FRED MARTELL : For proving that it's never too late to learn.

An ex-soldier, "young Freddie" is only eighty-five this year, but give him time—give him time . . . He likes to try everything once: last year he celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday by looping the loop. Having seen an ice revue at Ramsgate, Fred decided he wanted to learn to skate: here he is with his expert teachers, Luba Natova (*left*) and Beryl Fawcett.

BEN JOHNSON : For "crying" till he got what he wanted.

Man with the victorious smile on his face is Ben Johnson, the Town Crier of Fowey, in Cornwall. He had just taken part in the National Town Criers' Championship, held at Hastings on August 14th. Ben, seen receiving the Challenge Cup from the Mayoress of Hastings, Mrs. Hussey, has won the cup six times in all, winning it this year for the fifth year in succession.

VERA BASSETT, 36.
Studied Swansea School of Art. Exhibited Beaux Arts, Kensington; Ashley, Heals', Zwemmer, Leicester and Redfern. Has had work bought by the Arts Council.

HAROLD WOOD, 36.
Studied Harris Art School, Preston. Paintings in Harris Art Gallery, Preston, and St. Stephen's Church, Blackpool; painted large mural Peterlee New Town centre.

ALISTAIR GRANT, 33.
Studied Birmingham College of Art, R.C.A. Painting School. Teaches St. Martin's, Hammersmith and Sidcup Schools of Art. Widely represented in art galleries.

LUIS MOYANO, 25.
Studied Beaux Arts, Santiago, Chile and at Grande Chaumiere in Paris. Studying painting, etching, silk screen printing for textiles in London at present.

CHILDREN AT PLAY, by Vera Bassett.

THE CAGE, by ar

"ARTISTS U

THE exhibition of p tings unde
in Litchfield St et, Charing
September 11th. Th e are some
well known, some co pletely unkno
awards at various art lleges. The
and the emphasis of he exhibition
are some very inter ting line-and-
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writer-cum-painter P rick Herv. w
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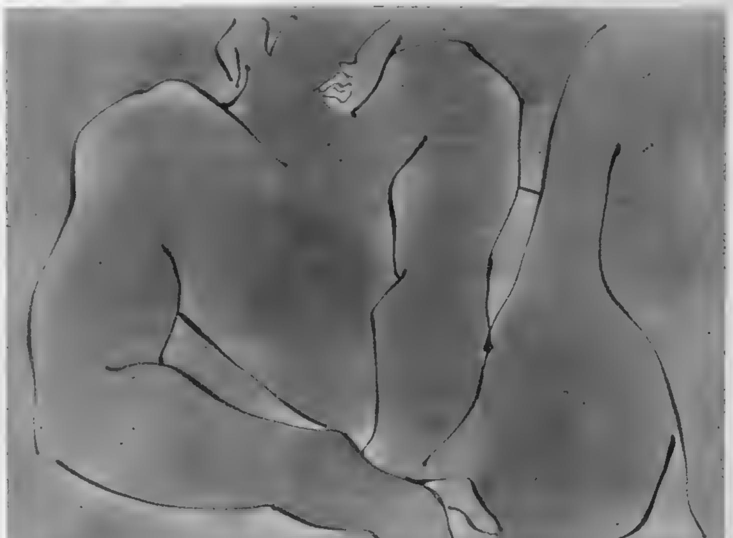
PARK : WALHAM GREEN, by Alistair Grant.



RECUMBENT NUDE, by Luis Moyano.

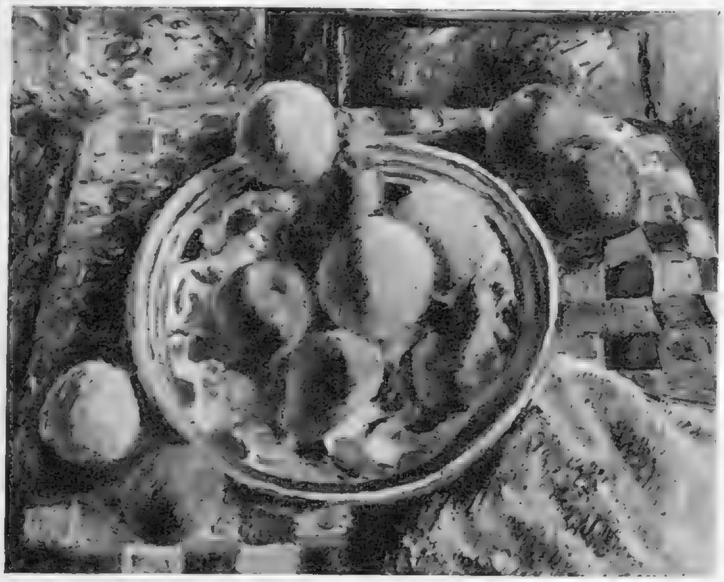
MERMAIDS IN THE HA

arold Wood.

BOATS AT IBIZA, BALEARIC ISLANDS, by Margaret Harmsworth.

DER FORTY "

this title at the Zwemmer Gallery Cross Road, will be open until e thirty artists exhibiting—some own, and some fresh from winning ages range from nineteen to forty, n is mainly on oils, though there l-wash sketches on view. Worth colours with their unusual waxed effect, and the still-life studies of whose work is still perhaps better esented in several good collections. g John Bratby, one of the brightest al College of Arts : it is very lively ur, and he somehow manages to ghout his work. The exhibition of visitors, and by its very variety inue to do so.



ORANGES AND APPLES, by Colin Moss.

AMES, by Joan Gilbert.

SPANISH CITY, by Maurice Johnson.

MARGARET HARMSWORTH, 26.

Daughter of Lord Harmsworth. Exhibited Leicester Galleries and individual shows at Galerie Huit and La Cave Saint-Placide, Paris.

COLIN MOSS, 39.

Studied Plymouth College of Art and R.C.A., London. Exhibited first A.R.C.A. 1937. Teaches at Southern College of Art, Bournemouth; School of Art, Ipswich.

MAURICE JOHNSON, 34.

Studied Liverpool School of Art. Teaches art at University College School, Hampstead. Exhibited Galerie Apollinaire, London Group, R.B.A., Walker Gallery, Liverpool.

JOAN GILBERT, 26.

Spent childhood in Persia, studied at St. Martin's Art School. Married Dennis Gilbert, painter and sculptor, 1949. Exhibited R.A., R.B.A., Arts Council, S.E.A., etc.

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

Teddie's Night Out

A smile of happiness and dread.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

As I grow older I find I am pleasantly surprised seldomer and seldomer. Of course, when the pleasant surprises do happen along they are even more enjoyable than they used to be. Charles says everything works out about even, and I think he may be right. One of the nicest pleasant surprises which has happened to me during the last few years is being a grandmother. I don't mean it was surprising to become a grandmother, because, of course, that happens to nearly everybody, but enjoying being one has quite definitely been a pleasant surprise, and Charles says he feels the same about being a grandfather.

Every year the Linnet and her husband and their three daughters and a Nannie spend their summer holiday with us. Charles and I look forward to their visit with joy and dread. About a week before they arrive tremendous preparations take place—my studio is turned into a dormitory, the garage is turned into a nursery-dining-room, and Toto, the Linnet's toy monkey, who has turned a curious green in his old age, comes out of retirement to sprawl in a chair, wearing the sardonic expression I have always found so trying.

Les Girls, as Charles calls them, come by train with their Nannie, and on the day they are to arrive I become more and more excited. The happiest moment is laying nursery tea in the garage, with a big bunch of flowers on the table, because they are London children, poor darlings.

"Soppy Gran," says Charles, who is neglecting his patients for the afternoon.

"Soppy yourself, Charles," I reply.

In comes the train, and all sorts of children, nannies, mothers, fathers, spades, buckets, lie-lows and shrimping-nets belch forth, but not Les Girls.

"Charles, they haven't come!"

"Don't be silly."

"There they are!" And there indeed are Les Girls, looking none the better for their long journey in the train. Slow, friendly smiles spread across their rather dirty faces.

"Hullo, Grannie-by-the-Sea."

"Hullo, Jane, Mary and Sal."

"Hullo, Grumps."

"Hullo, Jane, Mary and Sal."

"Good-evening, Nannie, I hope you had a good journey."

"Sal was sick."

"Oh, dear!"

"Are we having tea in the garage?"

"Yes."

"Are there raspberries?"

"Yes."

"Is the toad in the garden?"

"I don't know—we 'll look."

Hot, rather sticky hands are slipped confidingly into ours and we are led from the station. We are remembered, we are accepted—the Summer Holidays have begun. Charles and I look at each other over the top of Les Girls' heads and smile. It is a smile of happiness and dread.

* * * *

Teddie belongs to Jane and is quite the most revolting and deeply-loved toy animal it has ever been my misfortune to meet. Reputed once to have been a white bear, he is now a sullen grey—hairless, eyeless and with a nauseating sort of G.I. cap sewn to his head to prevent his brains from oozing out. At intervals he is taken away by Nannie and boiled, and each time he emerges from this ordeal a little more dilapidated than before. Wherever Jane goes, Teddie goes too. It worries the Linnet, who once read in a book that only children who don't get enough Love form violent attachments for toy animals.

"Look, Grannie-by-the-Sea—my Teddie."

"Yes, Jane."

"He is so sweet and he smells nice, but it isn't the sort of smell grown-ups like."

"I know exactly what you mean, darling."

One day, when Les Girls returned from their walk, Jane, who was very white, walked up to the Linnet and said, "Mummy, a terrible thing has happened—I 've lost my little Teddie."

Then she turned to Charles and said, "Grumps will find him for me."

The Linnet's toy monkey.

Poor Charles, shaken by this touching faith in his omnipotence, rushed off and telephoned to the Police, the Urban-District Council, the Fire Brigade and the Boy Scouts. It was a terrible evening. If only Jane had made a fuss we would have found it easier to bear, but she was unnaturally calm and all her thoughts were for Teddie and none for herself. She kept on saying she hoped he wasn't missing her too much and that whoever had found him would be kind to him. She was unable to eat her supper and went to bed and lay staring at the ceiling, while large tears ran out of the corners of her eyes. Her stricken parents and grandparents went again and again to the scene of Les Girls' afternoon picnic, searching vainly in the hedges for the bald, eyeless head, the faded red trousers, the green velvet coat which would, we knew, take on the colours of their surroundings and, chameleon-like, become invisible. Even if he were found, would not the finder toss him contemptuously over the hedge or, if litter-conscious, take him home and put him in a dustbin?

"Look—my Teddie."

"The dustmen have promised to keep a look-out for him," said Charles, who was doing his best to keep our spirits up.

When darkness fell we returned home in silence. At four o'clock in the morning Jane stood beside each of our beds in turn, asking if Teddie had been found.

At eight o'clock next morning Evensong, who has an eye like a hawk and prides herself on finding anything which is lost, went out to the picnic place, but was equally unsuccessful. On her way home she passed the Sexton standing at the door of his cottage. "Morning," he said to Evensong. "We don't often see you out this way."

"I been looking for summat," said Evensong.

"And I know what," said the Sexton.

"What do you mean—you know what?"

"'Tis Doctor Charles's little granddaughter's Teddie," said the Sexton, "and if you want to know, my little maid brought he in yesterday and he be sitting in my armchair this very minute."

When Evensong arrived at our house with Teddie, who was looking a good deal worse for his night out, in her basket, I went to look for Jane and found her wandering rather aimlessly in the garden.

"Jane, I 've got some news for you," I said.

Jane looked at me for a moment and then she said in a very small voice, "Is it Teddie?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"With Evensong in the kitchen."

"He must go straight to bed—he must be worn out," said Jane rather sternly, and she bustled off and got the awful Teddie and put him in her bed and gave him a kiss and drew the curtains across the windows and tiptoed out of the room.

Always your affectionate

Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

THE above is a view of St. Michael's Mount, the island castle opposite Marazion, in Cornwall, which has been presented to the nation by Lord St. Levan, pictured on the right in the sitting-room of the Mount with Lady St. Levan and their son, the Hon. Giles St. Aubyn, who is a master at Eton.

Originally a monastery, the Mount was granted to the Abbey of St. Michel in Brittany by Edward the Confessor. It was rebuilt between 1135 and 1150, but owes most of its present form to alterations made in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. After the Reformation it became Crown property, and then in the seventeenth century was successively granted to the Earls of Salisbury and the Basset family, and finally passed to the St. Aubyns. Many legends surround the Mount: St. Michael is said to have appeared to fishermen there in 495, and St. Joseph of Arimathea is supposed to have been among traders who, with the Phœnicians, shipped tin from the harbour—and local people will tell you that Cormoran, the giant whom Jack killed, lived on the island.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by J. Allan Cash.

The Other Shakespeare Festival

(at Stratford, Ontario)

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Grant Macdonald.

ELEANOR STUART as "Jocasta" . . .

. . . and as herself.

JAMES MASON as "Oedipus."

OEDIPUS REX

The W. B. Yeats version of Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* was directed by Tyrone Guthrie, with costume and scenic designs by Tanya Moiseiwitsch and music by Cedric Thorpe Davie. Douglas Campbell, who joined the company from the Old Vic last year, played the Man from Corinth.

WRITING about the inception of the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ontario, last year, we predicted its well-deserved future success. This cultural enterprise, unique in Canada's history, was the realisation of an ambition for young Tom Patterson, a Canadian whose absolute belief in the worth of his plans sparked an answering enthusiasm in the mind of Tyrone Guthrie, who agreed to become the new company's director.

Mr. Patterson came to England and interested Alec Guinness: Alec Guinness went to Canada and performed for the theatre-starved thousands who flocked to this other Stratford during that six weeks to make the Festival an unqualified success. Irene Worth turned down other plays to join the new company for the season. Michael Bates, from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, and Douglas Campbell, from the Old Vic, went too, and Tanya Moiseiwitsch was engaged as costume and stage designer.

This year, the programme of two Shakespeare plays, *Measure for Measure* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, was accompanied by the W. B. Yeats version of Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*, with James Mason as Oedipus. The immense success which again greeted the company's efforts have settled its fate: the trial period is distinctly over—and "The Annual Shakespearean Festival of Stratford, Ontario," is here to stay.

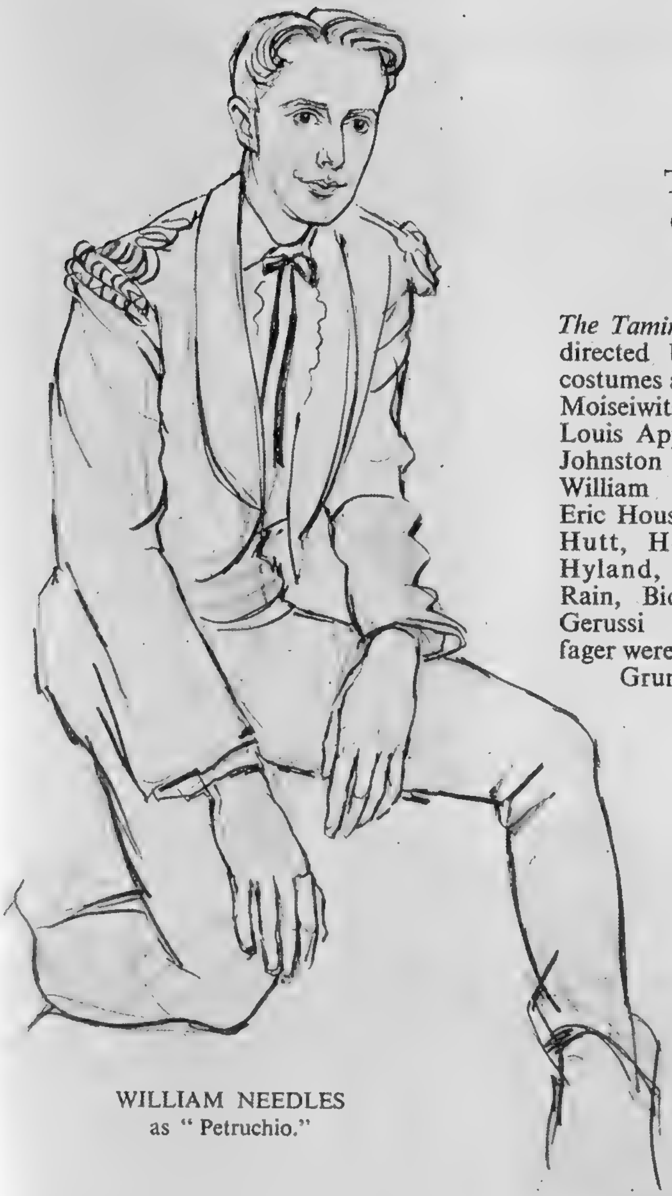
LLOYD BOCHNER as "Vincentio," the Duke.

FRANCES HYLAND as "Isabella."

JAMES MASON as "Angelo."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Measure for Measure was directed by Cecil Clarke, with costume and scenic designs by Tanya Moiseiwitsch and music by Louis Applebaum. Douglas Campbell had the rôle of Pompey, servant to Mistress Overdone, played by Marionne Johnston. Robert Christie was the Provost, Neil Carson the Court Chamberlain; Toby Robins played the part of Mariana, betrothed to Angelo; Barbara Chilcott was Juliet, beloved of Claudio, played by Douglas Rain, and Eleanor Stuart was the nun Francisca.



WILLIAM NEEDLES
as " Petruchio."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

The Taming of the Shrew was directed by Tyrone Guthrie, costumes and designs by Tanya Moiseiwitsch and music by Louis Applebaum. Marionne Johnston was the Hostess ; William Shatner, Lucentio ; Eric House, Gremio ; William Hutt, Hortensio ; Frances Hyland, Bianca ; Douglas Rain, Biondello, and Bruno Gerussi and Bruce Swerdfager were Petruchio's servants, Grumio and Curtis.

BARBARA CHILCOTT
as " Katharina."

DOUGLAS CAMPBELL
as " Baptista."

DONALD HARRON
as " Tranio."

ROBERT CHRISTIE
as " The Pedant."

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

It's That Authority Again!

"BUT who is going to make the interests of England his special care?" the Editor asked, when the appointments of the Independent Television Authority were announced. Wales, Northern Ireland and Scotland—noisy, like all minorities—are all to have their whims regarding commercial television carefully tended by the persons of Lord Aberdare of Duffryn, Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Chichester and Doctor T. J. Honeyman respectively. But where does poor old England come in? Considering that the first three transmitters of the new network are to cover the London, Manchester and Birmingham areas, the omission of England does indeed give food for wonderment.

And, alas, I have not been able to find an answer to the Editor's question. Perhaps the Postmaster-General would appreciate a quotation from G. K. Chesterton:—

But we are the people of England; and we have not spoken yet.
Smile at us, pay us, pass us. But do not quite forget.

This is not quite as flippant as it may seem. Already in B.B.C. television the programme planners are in a constant ferment lest the interests of the minor members of our family of nations are not regularly catered for in the schedule. But England, too, is a nation and is entitled to have her interests considered. This Big-Sister abnegation can be overdone; and I think it is high time that someone started an English nationalist movement!

I have one other grouch with the P.M.G. over his appointments of the I.T.A.: the fact that he has not included at least one professional showman or someone with a wide experience of television. It is a personal grouch and, of course, is open to the quite sensible reply that the Authority will be able to call on a number of experts to advise them on any technical problems. However, I am not entirely happy at the thought of a lay body in complete control of such a specialist field.

Apart from that, the personnel of the I.T.A. could scarcely be bettered. They include men and women drawn from varied sections of public life, such as the Arts, Education, Business and Trade Unions. As one looks through the list and studies their biographical details it soon becomes evident what a distinguished, experienced and sensible lot they are. And it was a master-stroke to appoint Sir Kenneth Clark as chairman; for his is one of the most brilliant brains in the country. His credits in *Who's Who* make impressive reading.

NOW a word on how the I.T.A. is designed to work. They are *not* a producing body. That is to say, they will have nothing to do with studios, cameras, actors, writers or designers. All they will provide is a linked television network and the necessary transmitters. The programmes themselves are to be provided by contractors, who will have to set up their producing organizations from their own resources. At the time of writing, these contractors have not yet been chosen. They will number two or three at the most and will need a capital of between three and four million pounds to establish themselves and to operate at a loss for the first two years.

With this alarming amount of money in mind, it really is rather astonishing to be told that no fewer than fifty applications from would-be contractors have been received by the Postmaster-General. I don't envy Sir Kenneth and his colleagues the task of whittling that list down. There is bound to be considerable heart-burning, because this thing is going to be big money. Already a preliminary estimate puts the figure which advertisers will spend on television time at between seven and ten million pounds a year. They of course will pay the producers of the programmes, who, in turn, will pay the I.T.A. for the use of the network facilities.

Once the service begins—in about a year's time—the proper function of the I.T.A. comes into operation. It is mainly a supervisory function in that they ". . . must satisfy themselves that the programmes maintain a high standard of quality and a proper balance of subject matter; that proper proportions of the recorded and other matter included in the programmes are of British origin and British performance; that due impartiality is preserved in the presentation of news, and broadcasts on political or controversial topics. . . ."

Another interesting provision is that: "The advertisements must be clearly distinguishable as such and recognisably separate from the programmes," and "Advertisements shall not be inserted otherwise than at the beginning or the end of the programme or in the natural breaks therein." All this is very praiseworthy and looks fine on paper. But I can't help wondering whether it is ever possible to legislate good taste.

On the other hand, the I.T.A. have considerable powers to deal with offenders. They can fine a contractor whose programmes incline to the offensive and they can even cancel his contract and whip him off the air. In view of the tremendous competition to provide this new service, which I mentioned earlier, this is obviously a very potent sanction for the Authority to have up their sleeves.

Well, there it is. One will just have to wait and see, and I will have to start saving up for a new television set! Incidentally, new sets nowadays are designed to pick up these I.T.A. programmes, when they appear. For the rest of us Old Faithfuls there is the gloomy prospect of a fairly expensive conversion to the new wavelength.

INDEPENDENT TELEVISION AUTHORITY COMMITTEE.

Committee members of the recently-formed Independent Television Authority meet at their London headquarters: *l. to r.*, Miss Dilys Powell, Miss Margaret Popham, Sir Charles Colston, C.B.E. (Deputy Chairman), Dr. T. J. Honeyman, Sir Kenneth Clark, K.C.B. (Chairman), Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Chichester, Mr. G. B. Thorneycroft and Sir Henry Hinchliffe. *Insets* (*left*) Lord Layton; (*right*) Lord Aberdare.

BUT that distant prospect is no more gloomy than the immediate retrospect of television programmes which the B.B.C. has seen fit to offer for our delight during these past weeks. I have (unofficially confirmed) a suspicion that, in view of the impending second service, the B.B.C. are striving might and main for popularity in order to retain their audience. And—as always, when you strive for popularity—the effect is dire. When you try to please everybody, you end up by pleasing nobody, and the result is a shaming mediocrity. Where are the exciting programmes one used to see? Obviously hidden in the darkest cupboard of Television Centre. They might get poor "viewing figures"; and that is a shuddering thought for everybody, from Sir George Barnes down to the call-boy. No, popularity is the thing. Popularity at all costs.

And if one of the costs is future rough treatment by critics and viewers, the B.B.C. has only itself to blame.

A MAN OF MANY PARTS

★

A RANDOM SELECTION OF SOME OF POPULAR COMEDIAN BENNY HILL'S TV PERSONALITY IMPERSONATIONS

Screen "Tele-Snaps" by John Cura.

PHILIP HARBEN.

MUFFIN, THE MULISH MESSENGER.

THE INDIAN LOVER.

THE DRUMMER.

HERBERT FUDGE (The Singer of Madrigals).

"WHAT'S MY LINE?" PANEL.

BARBARA KELLY.

GILBERT HARDING.

LADY BARNETT.

DAVID NIXON.

THE FILM ADDICT.

THE MODEST MANNEQUIN.

THE TEDDY BOY.

MR. SCUTTLE, THE FOREMAN.

MISS PRIMROSE HILL.

"The Sketch"

WESTWOOD—LAWSON : This very pretty group was taken after the wedding in Hawkeshurst, Kent, on July 24th, of Miss Gillian Lawson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson, of Old Court Cottage, Hawkeshurst, and Lieutenant John Westwood, R.N., son of the late Major H. Westwood, M.C., of Simla, India, and of Mrs. Westwood, of Queen Alexandra's Court, S.W.19.

DOUDS—STOTT : After the ceremony at St. Joseph's, Roehampton Lane, London, on August 14th, Miss Annette Stott and Lieutenant (S.) Charles A. Douds, R.N. of Edinburgh, pass through a guard-of-honour formed by brother officers of the groom.

BILLIARD — HOWARD : The sun shone brightly for this beautiful bride —London model Miss Jill Howard— seen leaving St. Mary's, Weybridge, after her wedding on August 7th to M. Jacques Billiard, a young Paris businessman.

HUU TINH—NGOC-LANG : Married in traditional dress at the London home of the bride's parents on August 4th were Miss Yvonne Ngoc-Lang, daughter of the Viet-Namese Minister to London, and Mr. Nguyen Huu Tinh, an engineer living in Paris.

SCHULP—GODDARD : First bride to be married in the rebuilt Dutch Reform Church, opened in London recently by Princess Irene, was Miss Sara Goddard, pictured after her wedding on August 7th to Dutch company director M. Marinus Schulp.

ROGERS—GOODHEAD : This delightful wedding group was taken after the wedding at St. Margaret's, Blackfordby, Burton-on-Trent, on July 31st, of Miss Anne Goodhead and Lieutenant Philip Rogers, pictured here with Miss Eleanor Blundell, Miss Eileen England, Miss Jill Pickering, Canon and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. Stephen Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Goodhead David Parker and Christopher Rogers.

COLLETT—BOWSER : Australian fashion model Miss Dianne Bowser met her husband, Swedish opera singer Richard Collett, in Melbourne. On August 13th they were married at Caxton Hall, Westminster.

Wedding Album

BURGESS—HIGGINS : This time, R.A.O.C. officers form the guard-of-honour, at the wedding at St. Paul's, Kingston Hill, Surrey, on August 7th, of Lieutenant Alison Higgins, W.R.A.C., and Captain Brian Burgess, R.A.O.C., who has lately returned from Korea.

HULL—HUMPHREYS : Married at St. Andrew's, Enfield, on August 4th, were Miss Beryl Humphreys and Mr. Victor Hull. August 4th weddings have been traditional in the Hull family since 1872. Here, *l. to r.*, are : the bridegroom's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hull (married August 4th, 1922), his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hull (August 4th, 1926), and his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hull, junior (August 4th, 1951).

MORRELL—LACEY : This happily-smiling bride pictured after her wedding at St. Peter's, Vere Street, on August 14th, is actress Jacqueline Lacey. Miss Lacey's bridegroom, actor David Morrell, has just completed a new film.

SANDEMAN—BENNET : Miss Rosemary Bennet, daughter of Major Leonard Bennet, of Northam Lodge, Devon, Lord of the Manor of St. Newlyn East, pictured on August 11th with her bridegroom, Mr. Thomas Sandeman, of Kilkampton, Bude.

CURREY—DRUMMOND : Miss Heather Drummond, with her father, Mr. John Drummond, of Megginch Castle, Perthshire, before her wedding on August 12th to Lieutenant Andrew Currey, R.N., son of Rear-Admiral Currey, Flag Officer at Gibraltar.

JORDAN—RANDALL : Cutting the cake with the bridegroom's sword after their wedding at St. Paulinus,' Crayford, Kent, on August 7th, are Miss Joan Randall and Lieutant D. Jordan, R.E.

BRAGA—MARCONI : Married on August 5th at Cortachy Castle, Kirriemuir, Scotland, one of the family seats of the Earl of Airlie, were Donna Gioa Marconi, daughter of the late radio pioneer and of the Marchesa Marignoli di Montecorona, who lives in Rome, and Mr. George Braga, a New York merchant. With the newly-weds in this group, taken after the ceremony, are the Earl and Countess of Airlie and some of the guests.

A view of the South Front of Government House, Trinidad. Situated two miles out from Port of Spain, Government House stands in a very beautiful setting within the magnificent botanical gardens, with the northern range of mountains rising behind it.

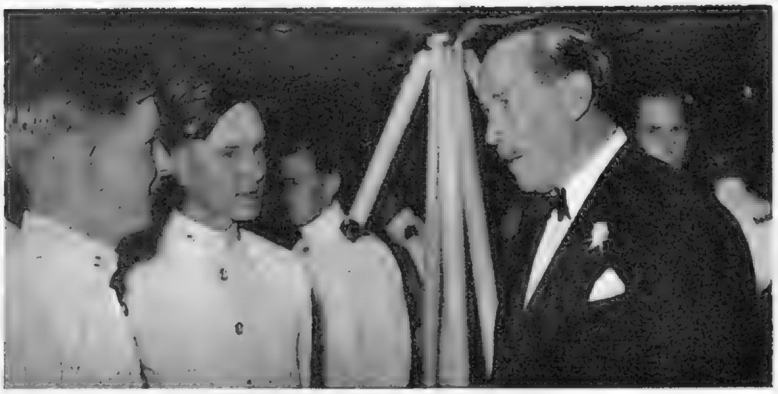
Sir Hubert seated at his desk at Government House.

Her Majesty's Representatives Abroad

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HUBERT RANCE, G.C.M.G., G.B.E., C.B.

Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Trinidad and Tobago

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Anne Bolt.



Upper: At a cocktail party aboard the visiting aircraft-carrier, H.M.S. *Triumph*, Sir Hubert and Lady Rance chat with the ship's commander, Captain Arthur Wright, R.N., D.S.C. and Bar. *Lower:* Sir Hubert with midshipmen Ernest Rowe, of Herne Bay, and Ian Macleod, of Bradford.

As the First Lady in Trinidad, Lady Rance necessarily spends much of her time acting as hostess at Government House. Here she awaits dinner-party guests in one of the loveliest rooms in the Residency, the delightful White Drawing-room.

Changing of the guard, Trinidad style : the attractive old eighteenth-century stables are now used as a garage, but on ceremonial occasions a section of the mounted branch of the Trinidad Police mount guard in their shade.

Life in the islands can be very busy indeed, but Sir Hubert and Lady Rance pause for a moment to pose for us on the terrace which runs around the lovely old house, keeping the heat of the sun from the principal rooms.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HUBERT RANCE, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Trinidad and Tobago, is one of the busiest Governors in the Caribbean circuit—and has what is probably the most interesting of the West Indies under his control.

Trinidad is generally thought of as a tropical island with a lot of sugar-cane to spare—and quite a few people realise that the island's crops include cocoa beans, coconuts, citrus fruits and tonka beans—but not many realise that Trinidad sports several undersea as well as inland oil wells. The famous pitch lake where Sir Walter Raleigh recaulked his ships is another of the island's many assets, and all manner of light industries are growing up and producing all kinds of things from typewriters to false teeth.

Sir Hubert is immensely popular with the population, with whom he gained stature from his championship of Federation and his unremitting efforts on behalf of the native inhabitants in his post of West Indian Development and Welfare Controller in the Barbados, and later as co-Chairman of the Caribbean Commission. Lady Rance sits on fifteen committees, and busies herself with social duties, particularly interesting herself in the island's child welfare work.

When there is any time for relaxation, Sir Hubert indulges a fondness for tennis, golf and sailing, plays cricket for the Government House team—and even manages to keep his eye in at the Rifle Club. As with most diplomatic families, it is a great occasion when all the family are together, and there was much jollification when daughter Elizabeth (twenty-two) came home on holiday from her secretarial job in London recently. Her eighteen-year-old brother, David, is now doing his military service in his father's old regiment, the Royal Worcestershires, and intends later to study languages at University College, Oxford.

Lady Rance smilingly watches little Emma Williams and Clive Thomas enjoying their first ride on the see-saw she gave to the Tunapuna day nursery in Trinidad. Child welfare work is one of the most important of Lady Rance's activities.

The Port of Spain Sailing Club is one of the delights of Miss Elizabeth Rance, seen here (*centre*) with Miss Sally Thornycroft, daughter of Mr. Peter Thornycroft, of Bembridge, Isle of Wight, who was spending a holiday with the Rances, and Mr. George Denman.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Almost as Big as the Ocean

THE CAINE MUTINY

(Odeon, Leicester Square)

SOME people may feel that Columbia Pictures are rather going out on a limb in describing *The Caine Mutiny* as "big as the Ocean," with the added assertion "Great as a book! As a picture—the greatest!" I mean, they don't seem to be leaving themselves much in hand for when their next epic comes along.

As Hollywood naval pictures go, though, *The Caine Mutiny* is not at all bad. It would be better still if it didn't waste so much time over the dithering romance of a young ensign from Princeton, whose doting mother doesn't approve of his attachment to a night-club entertainer. The hesitant lovers are played by a couple of newcomers called Robert Francis and May Wynn, and as far as I am concerned the film could have got on very nicely without their help.

In case you haven't read Herman Wouk's prize novel, I should tell you that *The Caine Mutiny* concerns a lieutenant-commander in the regular U.S. Navy, who, when posted to a minesweeper-destroyer during the war, gives every evidence of being completely off his rocker. His eyes are shifty; his smile furtive; as he talks, he clinks in his hand a couple of steel ball-bearings; and he is liable to run berserk over such trifles as a rating's shirt-tail or a quart of missing strawberries.

The climax occurs during a typhoon, with the *Caine* apparently out of control and the captain apparently out of his mind with panic. The executive officer, a not too bright nor highly experienced lieutenant, takes advantage of a Navy rule which says that a junior officer may relieve the skipper of his post at a moment of extreme peril. In the court-martial that follows, he has to justify his act.

The Caine Mutiny has a splendid typhoon, and the benefit of some class performances. Humphrey Bogart's Captain is a wonderfully touching study of a good man in the process of disintegration. Even during his wildest outbursts, one can't dislike him: one must pity him. Van Johnson's acting has come on a lot in recent years, and he makes the slow-thinking executive officer a very credible sort of fellow. We have to wait a long time for the appearance of José Ferrer as the defence counsel, but he leaves such an indelible mark on the final scenes that the waiting seems justifiable. It 's nice to see Fred MacMurray's cheerful mug again, and veteran Tom Tully, as the captain's predecessor, manages to convey in a few telling strokes the life-sized portrait of a tough old sea-dog, whose bark is so much worse than his bite.

INDISCRETION

(General Release)

In spite of its foolish, inept and conventional title, *Indiscretion* is a film quite out of the ordinary. So unorthodox is it, indeed, that it has been denied the seal of a so-called "West End" run in London. It goes straight out on release after a week at the Dominion and New Victoria cinemas. On the Continent, where it was first shown, the critical reception was grudging. Personally, I admire it very much indeed.

The film was made in Rome by Vittorio de Sica, director of *Bicycle Thieves* and *Shoeshine*. It was made for an American company, with Hollywood's Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift in the leading parts. The majority of the cast is Italian. Italy's Gino Cervi makes a brief but telling appearance. Except for a short opening sequence, all the action takes place in Rome's immense Terminal Station. Following his usual practice, de Sica has shot everything except the close-ups on the spot.

It is inevitable, I suppose, that *Indiscretion* will be described as an Italian *Brief Encounter*. In a way, the description is apt, although *Brief Encounter* was one of the finest films ever made, and *Indiscretion* isn't. It is good, but not quite *that* good. The two films, however, have a lot in common. Both are understanding studies, in fairly similar settings, and under fairly similar circumstances, of a man and woman fathoms deep in love.

"Darling, it must be years—but there—I never forget a dress."

Mary is a Philadelphia housewife, with a young daughter. Her marriage is not unsatisfactory, as marriages go, but while visiting Rome on holiday, she meets Giovanni, a young professor of mixed Italian and American parentage, and realizes what has been missing from it. The pair fall in love at first sight. But after several weeks of happiness, Mary suddenly decides she must return to America without even saying good-bye to Giovanni. Frantic, he follows her to the station to beg her to change her mind. All we see of their affair is the agonising hour of indecision before her train goes.

She loves him. So why can't she stay? Desperately, the lovers try to talk it out. But they never have a chance to be alone in the big station. They are jostled by crowds, moved on by officials, gaped at by curious spectators, separated and reunited. The minutes tick on relentlessly; the sky takes on an evening look; the railway-men go by with lamps. The lovers find temporary refuge in a carriage on a siding. But even there they are interrupted. By this time it is clear what Mary's decision will be, but fore-knowledge does nothing to destroy the drama.

De Sica has employed an unusual trick in his production. He tells the story, as it were, on two different planes. The lovers work out their problem in the foreground, mainly in immense close-ups, while the busy, diverse life of the station goes on behind them. Individuals and groups of people arrive and go their several ways; students, skiers, porters, soldiers; a covey of nuns, a party of priests, a school of deaf-and-dumb children; an unidentified President with his top-hatted entourage; an amorous drunk, a man with a barrow-load of trees, all sorts of passengers carrying the oddest objects.

This treatment has the strange but admirable effect of isolating the lovers in a world of their own, conscious only of each other, while the audience sees them merely as part, although the largest part, of the general pattern. The enormous close-ups, which discover every blemish on the skin, every nerve-twinge in the cheek, every tiny aberration of the eyes, are a stiff challenge to an actor's skill. Of the two principals, Montgomery Clift seems the better equipped to meet it. I have admired his work ever since I first saw him in *Red River*, but this strikes me as incomparably his best performance. As the perplexed but still hopeful lover, clinging to each second that is left him, he seems as completely absorbed as though there were no camera, and never bats an eyelid wrong.

THE BEACHCOMBER

(Leicester Square)

Is a new version, with Robert Newton and Glynis Johns, of Somerset Maugham's short story "The Vessel of Wrath." It deals with the reformation of a drink-sodden, derelict Englishman by the prim sister of a missionary on a South Sea island. The subject was done before the war by Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester. On that occasion, Robert Newton had a small part as the Dutch controller of the island. Now he rollicks through the big part of the beachcomber, with a broad wink, a shuffle, a gentleman's voice, and a ragged straw hat. The accent is on burlesque, which isn't where the author placed it. Mr. Maugham suffers; Miss Johns struggles valiantly; but Mr. Newton seems to thrive on the new treatment, and has himself a fine old time.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Many short, gay party dresses have been shown in London for the Autumn, and here is one of the most charming, in black re-embroidered rayon lace, over amber tulle, with tiny straps, fitting bodice and tiered skirt. By *Hardy Amies*, Savile Row.

The Line in London

THE London Couture designers always seem to me to show their most successful and satisfying designs in the Autumn collections. They seem more at home with tweed, wool, velvet, satin and the firmer fabrics of warmth than they do with the fluttering gossamers and cottons of the Summer season. This year was no exception, and although there was nothing wildly new in any of the collections, there was a general feeling for fabric and feminine line—a smoothing, moulding and cutting, that was most pleasing to the eye.

(Continued overleaf.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

One of the coats seen showing the "top-heavy" look, in many collections, with a bulky top-sleeve, enormous revers, and buttoning through to a narrow hem. In camel-coloured, long-haired wool, worn with a turban and long gloves. By *Ronald Paterson*, Albemarle Street.

OUR FASHION

The Line

Continued.)

Colours in the main are dark, in keeping with Autumn and Winter weather—dark grey, soft, muted brown, a lot of dark green, and in every collection, particularly for late day dresses, black, black and again black. Even the prints are sombre, and there are many printed wool fabrics, their colouring and designs reminiscent of late Victoriana. But suddenly in each collection there is the brilliant flash of colour. A red coat, touches of red, a red hat ; swoops of kingfisher blue ; burning amber ; clear bright yellow ; orange ; and here and there, clear white.

Every designer has a different Autumn line—but the general feeling is softer, smoother and more elegantly feminine. *Michael*, in a brilliant collection, has retained his starkly simple line, but has, as it were, rounded off all the edges, giving all his models beautiful fluidity. *John Cavanagh's* tailoring has this same suppleness. *Ronald Paterson's* beautiful collection is flowing and uncluttered. *Hardy Amies* has given to his perfect tailoring a gentle gaiety that his collections have sometimes seemed to lack before. Coats have a pleasing " top-heavy " look, a bulk in collar and shoulders and upper sleeves ; or they may be smooth and fitting, swelling into a full skirt. Suits are slim and straight, with short basques, forward jutting peplums, or, when they have widely flared or pleated skirts, may have larger basques, even with the look of a hacking-jacket. There is much fur, Persian-lamb, mink, ermine, beaver and fox.

Late day dresses are mainly black. Lace is still used a great deal, with crêpe-de-chine, a soft, soft satin and

An attractive and easy-to-wear suit in black-white-and-cream flecked tweed. The jacket has large revers, a shaped, patent belt and large basque, with a forward movement ; the skirt has wide pleats. Worn with a cream, shaped beret. From *Lachasse*, Farm Street.

A cocktail dress, showing a lively Spanish influence, and the new emphasis on the hip-line, by a low-placed belt. The skirt then whirls out over coloured petticoats. By *Digby Morton*, Grosvenor Hill. Silver-blue mink stole by Deanfield. Orange velvet hat by Rudolf.

In the mood of gaiety that prevails throughout the collections, a short party dress in grey organza, embroidered with black flowers, and strapped and threaded with black velvet ribbon, with long streamers down the back. From *Victor Stiebel*, at Jacqmar, Grosvenor Street.

PORTFOLIO (continued)

in London

much velvet, and velvet-embossed fabrics. Long evening dresses are rare in the collections, but there is a large number of gay, short dresses with strapped bodices, and very often covering coats in rich fabrics and colours, for theatre and restaurant wear. For these dresses there is a great deal of satin, lace, velvet, organza and chiffon—for the coats satin, velvet and brocades.

Highspots from the collections that are remembered with pleasure are: the smooth tailleurs of *Hardy Amies*, contrasting with his long evening dress in amber satin and his adorable almond-pink tulle short evening dress; *Ronald Paterson's* delightful soft suits, with their fluid flarings; the subtle elegance of everything in *Michael's* collection—not least his navy blue lace sheathlike evening dress; the rich brocades of *John Cavanagh's* evening dresses and coats; *Mattli's* clever use of tweed in simple, uncluttered dresses and his contrasting full, short evening models; the muted colours and quiet impeccability of *Digby Morton's* collection with his sudden gaiety in the form of an orange chiffon short evening dress; the youthfulness and sleekness of *Norman Hartnell's* collection, in quieter mood than his more recent ones; *Lachasse's* classic tweeds; the vibrant colours used by *Michael Sherard*; the snaky black cellophane sheath, under a white fox stole, by *Charles Creed*; *Victor Stiebel's* rich satin evening dresses; and the enormously bulky draped coat that opened the collection by *Worth*. There is much in these collections to add charm, colour, chic and a traditional English elegance to the autumn and winter scene this season.

Supremely elegant in dark grey, a street dress in coat-weight fabric, soft and rich and smoothly draped, with asymmetrical buttoning and black patent belt. Worn with a soaring, side-perched hat and a large silver fox muff. By *Michael*, Carlos Place. Hat by Valerie Brill.

For late afternoons, cocktails and restaurant dining, a dress and jacket in the now popular black cloqué. The dress has a white satin, strapped bodice and flared skirt. By *Norman Hartnell*, Bruton Street. Claude St. Cyr's white satin hat.

One of the many lace dresses shown this Autumn. A black Birkin's lace, short dinner or theatre dress, with a dropped waist, low-cut neckline and three-quarter sleeves, and embroidered with black sequins. From *Mattli*, Upper Grosvenor Street.

Soft tweed and a softly tailored line in this suit with a gently-bloused back, fitting buttoned-back basque, and slightly flared skirt, with back buttoning. This is typical of the Season's fluid, feminine line. By *John Cavanagh*, Curzon Street. Hat by Simone Mirman.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

This Summer a collection was shown of cotton dresses that had various seams left unfinished, so that the dresses could be altered and fitted to suit individual customers. *Joy Ricardo*, at Woollands, the originator of this successful scheme, is now increasing her range for Autumn and making a speciality of the " little black dress," which will again be ready-made, but adjustable to the customer's measurements. These " little black dresses," selling between 22 and 28 gns., including fitting and alterations, are in many styles, both for young and old, and the one shown, in fine black wool, with its slim lines and large patch pockets, has a high-buttoning yoke, which detaches to leave a wide boat neckline for late afternoon. The hat is also from Woollands.

'Terylene' –what's in it for you

by LADY ASHTON
Professor, School of Fashion Design. Royal College of Art.

WHENEVER I see a woman in a delicious, finely-tucked blouse, I think "What a help 'Terylene' is going to be to her!" The same for a woman setting off for a journey, or a ball, or a tennis tournament. The truth is—'Terylene' will bring untold blessings to us all.

'Terylene' is the latest, most dramatic of synthetic fibres. (Incidentally, it's a British invention, being developed by a British firm, ICI.) It has a quality unique, in my experience, among synthetic fibres; though amazingly strong and resilient it manages to have the graceful drape and friendly feel of a *natural* fibre.

'TERYLENE' THE VERSATILE

'Terylene' has two distinct forms. One is called staple fibre and the other filament yarn. Between them they make (or will soon make) materials for practically all the clothes you wear. Your suits, skirts and winter woollies will be made of staple fibre fabrics; your flouncy ball dresses, fine undies and "silky" frocks will be of filament yarn. All these fabrics, of course, have the amazing 'Terylene' strength. They're just as strong wet as dry; even the most fragile of them won't stretch or shrink in the wash.

THE CARE OF 'TERYLENE'

To keep 'Terylene' clothes looking their best they should be washed frequently like all your other nice things. Don't wait until they're really dirty. This, and an occasional touch with a cool iron, is about all that is needed to keep them in perfect trim. (And they almost never need mending!)

WHERE TO BUY 'TERYLENE'

Most good shops have some 'Terylene' by the yard from time to time, and a few ready-made garments. But today, supplies are limited and variety restricted. However, next year, when ICI's big new plant is in production, I can foresee for you undies, sports clothes and glamour clothes in a wide choice of 'Terylene' fabrics.

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MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The Austin-Healey Hundred

I CAN recall more than one evening spent with Donald Healey, listening to him discussing the car he would one day like to build. That was during the war. And, of course, soon after, he started his own company and has had great success with the cars bearing his name. He produced the sensation of the Motor Show in 1952 with his Healey Hundred, and during the show it was announced that the Austin Motor Company were to take over the production of the model. Since then, these cars have earned a good reputation for themselves, being exported to America in quantity.

The car is undoubtedly one of the best-looking of all the Sports cars. Low and simple, it is of just about the right proportions. Even with the hood up, the overall height is but 4 ft. 1 in. Weather protection is good (as I know from this summer's experience !), although I would not say that getting in or out of the car with hood up was an easy task without experience or practice. But I learned how to do it more or less gracefully after a short time.

The visibility from the driving seat is good, although I did not like the reflection of the chromium strip running right across the body. This came into my line of vision too often, as did the reflection of the ash-tray mounted on the floor between the two seats. I'd soon paint these offenders if I owned the car. Instruments are nicely grouped in front of the driver, easily visible through the three-spoke wheel. Controls are handy, but I would have liked more room for my left foot, both on and off the clutch pedal. Again, time proved that I could rest it on the dipper switch, below the pedal . . . but I'd like more room to the side. However, you cannot have everything, and the low line of the car, gained by sitting the driver low and close to the engine, makes some very minor sacrifice worth while. The body is nicely built and comfortably upholstered, with good finish.

The power unit is, of course, the Austin 2,660-c.c. engine which develops 90 brake horse power at 4,000 r.p.m. The three-speed gearbox has the addition of over-drive in second and top, which can be cut out if desired, but otherwise operates automatically. On the road, the car handles very well. The steering has just the right characteristics for a fast car and there is a really safe feel. The acceleration figures are good and the maximum speed is well over the 110 m.p.h. mark. The speedometer is unusually accurate : in fact, it errs on the slow side in the higher range, which is a change from the more frequent optimistic instrument ! The over-drive is controlled by a separate switch, so that if you wish you may drive on normal second and top. With the over-drive in operation, the change is automatic when road speed reaches 35 miles an hour. I found this fascinating and useful, although for faster driving along rather winding roads I only brought over-drive in for top gear above, say, 60, thus retaining maximum acceleration lower down. This over-drive no doubt has something to do with the good petrol consumption, which worked out at about 24 miles per gallon.

"I hope you noticed how skilfully I avoided a nasty collision with these posts."

The interior of the car tended to get rather hot with the hood up but no side-screens. (In fact, the ash-tray previously mentioned gets so hot that it can hardly be touched.) But this is a car meant to be used open and only the appalling weather forced me to use it otherwise.

One might sum up the car as being what you would expect from so experienced a driver as Donald Healey. It performs very well, with comfort for two. And considering the many items, such as over-drive and heater, which are standard as opposed to being extras on many cars, it does remarkably well for its price.

CURRENT TOPICS

A Word for the Minister of Transport

MAY I address a word of welcome to the new Minister of Transport, Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter ? There is a great deal for him to do on our behalf and I hope he will use his influence with his late chief at the Treasury, too. With 8,700,000 holders of driving licences I should have thought that any Government would do what they could. And it would not be a sectional interest, either, for every man, woman and child in the country would benefit one way or the other from better roads and cheaper petrol !

But do watch out for some of the official minds at work. You have always been opposed to them, I know, which is a good thing. I could tell you of more than one petty parking restriction which no amount of letter-writing or protest by the parish council concerned can alter. Yet it is ignored by many people, including the police, until every now and then some unfortunate person is fined. That only annoys the motorists and builds up the wrong relationship between authority and taxpayer.

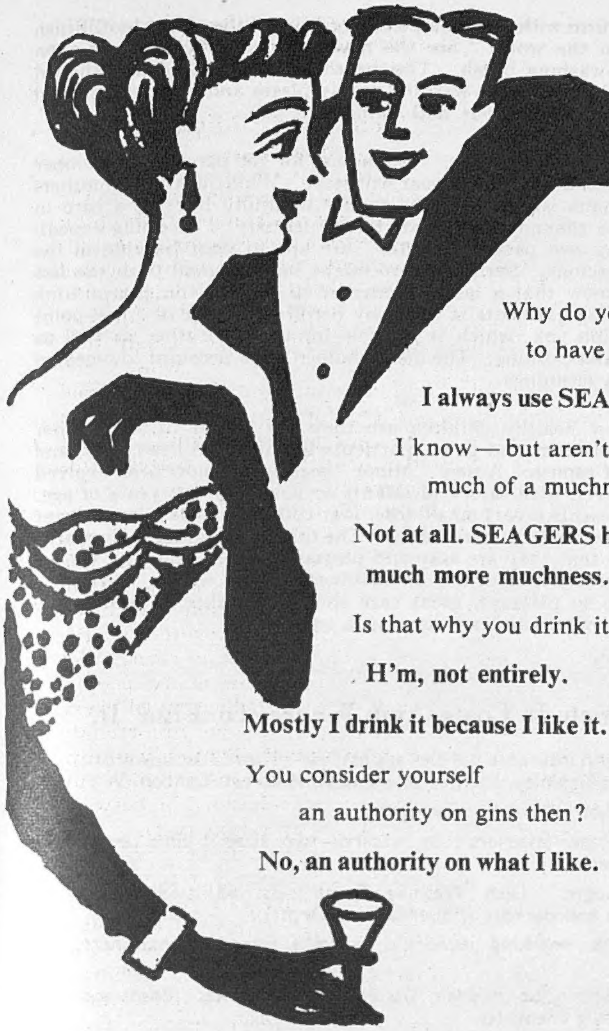
There are some very able and experienced people outside your Ministry who can offer worth-while suggestions. Do please listen to them and see what can be done before traffic solidifies into an immovable jam. Seek out these fresh minds, these motoring enthusiasts with every-day experience, and use them. And you will have the support of all road users and the gratitude of millions. So good luck in what is not going to be an easy task.

Safety Reflections

IN only about five weeks' time it will be compulsory to have reflectors at the back of all vehicles. If none are yet fitted, I do advise early action. They may run short when the time comes. It is important to see that they are fitted correctly, as the reflecting surface must be square to the road to do its job properly. They should add a good deal to the safety of night driving. If only the cyclists who are supposed to have had them for years would fit them and fit them properly ! After all, it is for their own safety.

An Example to Follow

TO leave the roads for a moment or two, I have been in Norfolk and seen something of the water-borne traffic on the lovely Broads. And there is a lesson to be had there, too. The cheerful way in which almost every crew waves at the crew of passing motor-cruisers and in which every cruiser gives way, as it should, for a boat under sail might well be a model for road behaviour. I don't suggest we should wave at each other all the time, but the spirit of friendly neighbourliness is very pleasant. And so is the manner in which the courtesies are observed. Sure, there is much more time on the water. But I still say there is a moral to be learned.



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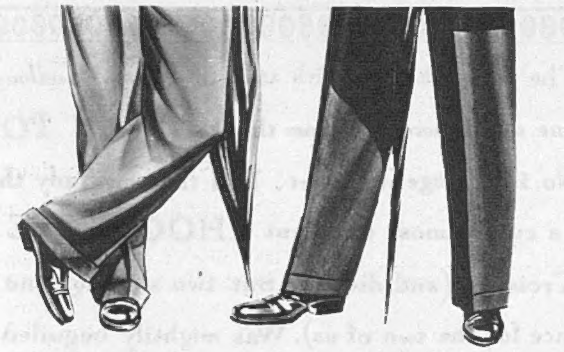

Don't let your trousers let you down!

Nothing looks worse than baggy trousers. Nothing is more unnecessary. A pair of **SPHERE** Elastic Braces, resilient and long-wearing, will give a better line and hold-up to your trousers. Your hosier stocks **SPHERE** Braces. Ask for them by name.

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No, darling, he isn't swearing—
that's just what the French say when
the waiter takes more than two
minutes to bring their Lillet. Lillet,
darling, Lillet. It's the most *beavenly*
apéritif. You mean to tell me you've
never tasted it? Zut, alors, as they say,
you must have one *at once*. Garcon!

LILLET *is the finest and the most exhilarating of all apéritifs. It is a matured blend of white wines, is made exclusively in one small region of France, and is preferred by intelligent gastronomes all over the world. Drink Lillet on its own with ice and a sliver of lemon — or with one-third gin.*

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

I AM writing this article in a Cornish fishing village where I should be looking from my window on to the bluest of blue seas, but to-day a mist—described optimistically by my husband as "the pride of the morning"—is filling the Cove with its damp clinging presence and making me think that the high-noon of an English summer is as good a time as any other to write about umbrellas. So I must turn my eyes from the sea, and I am told it is as "thick as a sack" off-shore, and tell you of a New Bond Street shop which is now selling umbrellas with insurance policies against loss (alas! not rain). One never seems to lose an old umbrella but how easily a brand new one gets left on the 'bus or train to be remembered with a sickening jolt just a minute too late. Customers at this London shop are given a certificate which they must complete within seven days and send to the insurance company. Then, if at any time within the next six months they lose their umbrella, it will be replaced.

* * *

Having often said to myself "surely there must be a gadget for replacing crown corks" I was pleased to find one that not only fulfils that useful and necessary function but is a kind of Poo-Bah as well. This Crown Corker, which is about the size of a small pair of pliers, will remove as well as replace crown corks, remove the tops of vacuum bottles and jars, cut soft wire and tin, flower stems or lobster claws; it can also be used as a wrench for small pipes and nuts, and as an insulation stripper, all this—only barring heaven, too—for half-a-crown.

* * *

Just sheer laziness makes me greet the words "no sewing" with gratitude and joy. Those magic words are on a card of gripper-fasteners which I have on the table as I write. These fasteners are not suitable for every type of material but are invaluable for tough stuffs such as corduroy, gaberdine, and so on, and also for plastic coats, and so forth. To fix the grippers you need an eraser-tipped pencil, an ordinary cotton reel, a hammer and the adaptor which is supplied with the fasteners. Full instructions for fixing, far simpler than it sounds, are printed on the card. I've already found many uses for these gripper-fasteners—a couple in the top of a beach bag prevented the contents falling out; while an extra one on the front of my plastic raincoat kept the rain from soaking the thick pullovers which in turn prevented me from shivering in the mid-summer wind!

A well-known firm with the proud claim of being "the oldest toothbrush manufacturers in the world" are the makers of an efficient, and even decorative, dish-washing brush. This brush is long-handled and shaped in such a way that it makes washing greasy plates and dishes—well, not a pleasure—but a less tedious and unpleasant job.

* * *

All too soon for the children, though not for all parents, September will be upon us and a new school year will start. While in August mothers relax in deck chairs without, as the family wishfully believe, a care in their heads—such thoughts as "visits to the dentist," "shopping expeditions," "marking and packing clothes" are apt to start buzzing in the maternal subconscious. Perhaps there might be one small buzz the less if all mothers knew that a laundry marker to replace the pen-and-ink method of labelling garments is made by Scroll Pens. It is a ball-point pen, using indelible ink, which is suitable for use on leather as well as household linen and clothing. The ink is claimed to be resistant to repeated washings and dry cleanings.

* * *

No matter how healthy children are they are bound to suffer from time to time from aches and pains, particularly chills and headaches, and need the relief of aspirin. A new "Minor" aspirin has now been evolved which may be given with safety to infants as young as two years of age. Each tablet represents a very small dose, four containing the same amount of aspirin as one ordinary 5-grain tablet. The tablets are specially prepared and flavoured so that they are easy and pleasant to take and they can be chewed, swallowed with a drink, or dissolved first in water. But since these tablets are so pleasant, great care should be taken that they are not regarded as sweets and are kept in a safe place.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

Umbrellas with insurance policies against loss: from £3.3s. upwards; Russell and Bromley, Ltd., 24-25, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Crown Corker: 2s. 6d.; Gamages.

Newey's gripper-fasteners: 1s. a card—two sizes; John Lewis, Peter Jones.

Addis "Bridget" Dish Washing Brush: 3s. 6d.; Selfridges, Whiteleys and Barkers (Haberdashery Dept.).

Scroll Pen for marking laundry: 5s. 6d.; Harrods (Stationery Dept.).

"Minor" aspirin for children: 1s. 4d. for fifty tablets; Boots and other leading chemists.

"WINSTON CHURCHILL
the greatest figure of our time"

These words appear on the cover of a special publication—a RECORD NUMBER—edited and produced by Sir Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C., editor of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," as a tribute to Winston Churchill in his 80th year.

It is the most comprehensively illustrated account of Sir Winston Churchill's career as statesman, soldier, sportsman, author, painter and orator that has yet been offered to the public. It is enclosed in a stout red-and-gold cover of the same overall size as that of the weekly issues of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS and contains about **200 illustrations, of which 20 are in FULL COLOUR,** and includes photographs that have not been published before.

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This remarkable publication is one that everyone should possess. It will make a most treasured gift to relatives and friends all over the world. You can obtain copies NOW from any good-class newsagent or bookstall, price 10/6 or from the Publisher, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2, price 12/6 including postage and special packing.

The Town buzzes with talk of *Master Cadbury's* fine new *Chocolate Room* the GOLDEN POD at No. 185 Regent Street. Did take my lady thither for a cup of most excellent CHOCOLATE and a Croissant (and did pay but two shillings and six pence for the two of us). Was mightily beguiled by the rare furnishings. Am assured that its doors stay open until 7.15 o'clock of an evening

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the liqueur of the **Apricot**

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A Luncheon Engagement *from the original water-colour by Ernest Uden*

LUNCHEONS are usually a little more hurried to-day, snatched in between business meetings or halfway through an important engagement. But you can still enjoy in "King George IV" the leisured pace of days gone by. Smooth and mellowed with the passing of time, here is a whisky, rich and rare in flavour, which brings the calm of yesterday to the hurried hours of to-day.

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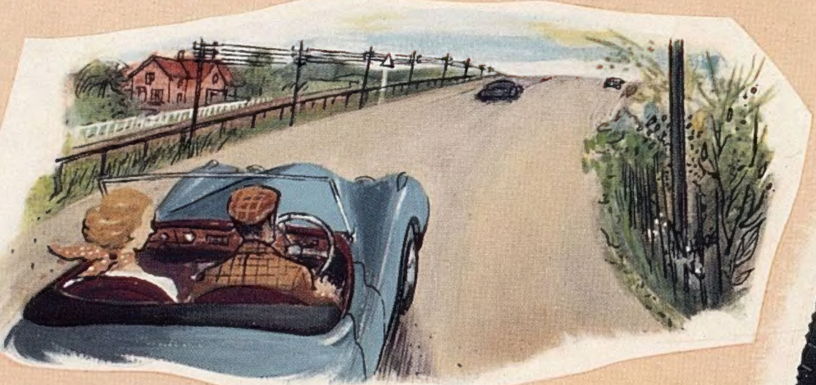

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